

# THE DIAL

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## A DREAM TO BE REALIZED.

The action taken a fortnight ago by the directors of the Art Institute of Chicago marks an epoch in the history of civic art, and the future will look back to it as one of the significant occurrences of the century. This action appropriated the income of the Ferguson fund for an indefinite number of years to come, applying it to the materialization of the grandiose sculptural conception which Mr. Lorado Taft has developed during many years of brooding upon the possibilities of the city beautiful. Since this project is of far more than local import, aiming at the creation of an artistic monument which shall be one of the most beautiful in the world, it deserves the widest publicity, and we take pleasure in outlining the salient features of the undertaking.

In the first place, the Ferguson fund is an endowment of approximately one million dollars, left in trust by the will of the donor, with the direction that the income be applied to the purpose of enhancing the attractiveness of Chicago to the lover of art—and heaven knows that Chicago sorely needs this sort of æsthetic stimulus or encouragement. Those who have lived here for twenty years or more cherish the memory of the White City which rose as an exhalation from the soil in 1893, and drew all men's eyes to its beauty. But that beauty was evanescent, and only its recollection is left us. The creative work now to be undertaken will be of the imperishable sort, relatively speaking, and will stand for the delight and wonder of future generations. It is obvious that the income from a million dollars, applied year after year to the realization of a noble artistic dream, must accomplish something noteworthy, and we may praise the wisdom of the trustees in thus deciding to concentrate their efforts upon a single great undertaking, instead of providing a picture or a statue here, and a park or a fountain there, in pursuance of the obligation laid upon them by the testator. They have clearly chosen the way to give the most impressive effect to the endowment under their charge.

What is known in Chicago as the Midway Plaisance is a double boulevard, a mile in length, with a sunken lawn between the two drives, connecting Washington and Jackson Parks. Originally a link in the city's system of inner parks,

it was diverted in 1893, when Jackson Park on the lake shore became the site of the White City, to the uses of the sort of annex which every Exposition feels bound to provide for its more frivolously-minded visitors, and became a mile of side-shows, and "villages," and other "attractions" of the Coney Island type. "Doing the Midway" was at that time a popular diversion with old and young, and its entertaining devices were sharply contrasted with the educational exhibits and architectural glories of the White City proper. Afterwards, it was dismantled of its tawdry adornments, and restored to its rightful uses. Meanwhile, the twenty years that have since elapsed have witnessed the growth, close upon its northern side, of the University of Chicago, which has acquired a large part of the frontage, and which has constructed, in a beautiful style of Gothic architecture, one of the most impressive groups of academic buildings in America. The Midway runs east and west, at a distance of about seven miles from the business heart of the city, and is, in its present undeveloped condition, one of the most attractive sections of the Chicago parks. Of what it will become, when the project now in hand is completed, the following will convey some idea.

Mr. Taft's plan for the lasting beautification of this mile of park driveway comprises the following essential features: 1. The sunken lawn between the two boulevards is to be flooded, an improvement of which the beauty is obvious, and of which the practical advantages for sport and recreation are by no means inconsiderable. 2. Three ornamental bridges are to carry the principal north and south avenues over the lagoon thus artificially created. These bridges are to be dedicated, respectively, to Science, Art, and Faith, and what can be done with them needs no explanation to those who know the famous bridges of Paris and other European capitals. 3. Flanking the line of driveway on either side, a series of statues of the great idealists of the world—perhaps a hundred of them—is planned, to make an Avenue of Fame, or a cosmopolitan Valhalla, and suggest to the most casual passer-by the thought of Thucydides: "For the whole earth is the grave and monument of heroes; it is not the mere graving upon marble in their native land which sets forth their deeds, but even in lands where they were strangers there lives an unwritten record in every heart, felt though never embodied." 4. At the eastern end of this mile of monumental beauty, there is to be a great fountain representing the creation of man as

symbolized in the Deukalion myth. Here, in his embodiment of

"The unwrought shapes, the un moulded attitudes,  
The tongues of earth, the stony craving eyes,"

here, in this casting backward of

"The big seed

Deukalion and Pyrrha sowed in hope  
To reap in terror; the scarce-featured sons  
Of stone, and daughters of the sullen glebe,"

Mr. Taft should have an opportunity worthy of the genius of Rodin. It was in Chicago, a few years ago, that a great poet clothed this myth with the glory of immortal verse,—why may it not be given to a Chicago sculptor to achieve in his own medium an equal beauty of expression? 5. At the western end, matching the Fountain of Deukalion, is to be another colossal group—a Fountain of Time. Here, Time, a rugged crag-like figure, will review the procession of humanity, surging past him like the waves of the ocean, "hurrying and crowding toward a goal they cannot see." The sculptor has thus conceived this group:

"A warrior on horseback, flanked by banners and dancing figures, forms the centre of the composition, which fades off at the ends into creeping infancy or the bent and withered figures of age. The procession will seem to rise from a great jet of water on one side and sink from sight at the other, Time meanwhile standing firm and immovable. There is a suggestion of joyous onward movement in this procession and of the splendor and pageantry which life has achieved since that first great day of creation which the other fountain celebrates."

And the spirit of it all is perfectly expressed by this motto from Austin Dobson:

"Time goes, you say? Ah, no,  
Alas, Time stays; we go."

It will be many years before this vast dream can be realized, and possibly it may never be realized in full, but if it is, the eyes of the world will be drawn to the scene of so much beauty, and men will make toilsome journeys for the joy of beholding it. At present, the authorities concerned are not committed to the plan in its entirety, and only the Fountain of Time is immediately projected. But we can hardly believe that when that feature of the plan shall have become fact it will be left as a fragment of the larger scheme. What is more likely is that it will so impose itself upon the sense of its beholders as to create an imperative demand for the completion of the whole work. That such may be the outcome is the hope of all those whose thought has penetrated the significance of Mr. Taft's creative conception, and who have confidence in his possession of the genius necessary to work it out.

### MODERNITY IN LITERATURE AND THE NEXT MOVEMENT.

The last great world-encircling "cry" in literature is stilled. The tumult and the shoutings of the captains of "realism" have died away. Of course there never was any such thing as realism. The good books produced by that movement do not differ in essentials from the good books evolved by any other recipe or formula invented by men. But some formula seems always to be needed as a rallying cry for authors and artists. And readers are thrown into buzzing excitement, as bees are summoned to swarm by the beating of a brazen kettle.

The world-wide roar of the realistic movement has broken up into a hundred, a thousand, noises and motions. We are in the midst of whirlpools and eddies and waters that sway back and forth and seem to have no order or discipline or determined end. It is a day of individualism, naturalism, neo-romanticism, symbolism, revolutionary nihilism, sex celebration and sex enmity, social frivolity and nature seriousness,—all these doctrines and dogmas and a myriad more are cried up. The prophets of unrighteousness have their innings and the defenders of law are dumb. The most rapidly disseminated philosophy of recent times, that of Nietzsche, is an invocation to chaos. "Is civilization a failure and is the Caucasian played out?"

In default of any better term, these whirlings and blind motions of literature and art in the present may be called modernity. Modishness is its note. It aspires to be "brand new," up to date, "right off the bat." More decisively even than realism it tries to break with the past. It has an utter lack of reverence for the great work or established reputations of the past. It says to Homer and Dante and Shakespeare: "Go to! We are as good as you." Its attitude might be typified by the story of an old English dauber, an imitator of Titian, who, staring in ecstasy at one of his own canvases, exclaimed: "What would old Tit think of this?" The most curious feature of our passing madness is that we believe we have recreated a whole world of art and art-forms out of our own heads.

Yet the fact remains that nothing in our recent output is new. In spite of the contortions and struggles of our novelists and playwrights and poets to be strong, to be daring, to be extreme, there is nothing that they utter which will compare in these qualities with much of the literature of the past. Take the exploitation of sexual passion and vice by which our contemporaries try to shock us. "Mrs. Warren's Profession" is milk and water beside the strong meat of "Measure for Measure" or "Pericles." "Three Weeks" has no standing at all as an aphrodisiac compared with *Afra Behn* or *Casanova*. The soiled heroes and heroines of Mr. Wells's later novels are mere doves compared with the people in *Fielding* and *Smollett* and the Restoration comedy. Or take the studies of extreme low life which have been vaunted as a novelty of late.

The thing has been done far more vividly and explicitly by Defoe, not to go out of a single age or country. It is hard to beat "*Moll Flanders*" or "*Colonel Jack*." As for revolutionary literature, literature which proposes to itself to upset old existing laws and conventions, what is the matter with Schiller's "*Robbers*," or with a great part of Burns, Byron, and Shelley?

Turning to the initiation of new art methods, symbolism is of course as old as the hills. Europe was saturated with it in the middle ages, and it created in the "*Divine Comedy*," the "*Faerie Queene*," and the "*Roman de la Rose*" works more monumental certainly than anything of recent date. Even Novalis's "*Blue Flower*" of a century ago is less platitudinous than Maeterlinck's "*Blue Bird*." Our new romanticism, where it is suffered to bloom at all, is rather a frail offshoot of an older stock; and the return to nature was preached and practiced better in a former age.

On the whole, modernity does not seem to be either greatly original or overwhelmingly powerful. Yet it has been of advantage to the world in breaking up the serried ranks of realism, scattering the varied talents and giving a loose to individuality. It might be compared to the "dynamite plowing" now coming into vogue, which brings up a new surface to our farms. But something more than mere disturbances of dirt is needed to produce crops. Sunlight, air, and rain are the permanent and universal factors in agriculture. Is it fanciful to suggest that there are spiritual analogues to these same factors in farming,—that ideal elements enter into life and art from above; that beauty, grace, grandeur, and sublimity are some of these elements; that they have been allowed little chance to work upon, to aërate and elevate modern literature; and finally that there is a hope, almost a promise, that this ideal contingent is about to swoop down upon our art and carry it to new heights?

The present writer has never been able to accept the theory that beauty is the be-all and the end-all of art. One of the earliest and best expositions of this theory is to be found in Schiller's "*Æsthetic Letters*." Briefly stated, Schiller's idea is that art springs from man's profound dissatisfaction with ordinary life. Because of this dissatisfaction he reverts to the play instinct, the make-believe of childhood, and fashions for himself a world where everything is harmonious, where beauty reigns supreme. In the first place, to criticize this, it is remarkable how little the beautiful or the harmonious comes into the play instinct or make-believe of childhood. Children are little mirrors,—they satirically mock the doings of their elders; and things of fear and horror have a fascination for them. You cannot please them better than to frighten them as a bear or wolf. Punch and Judy, with their hideousness and brutality, exercise a perennial charm over them which Greek statues and Shakespearean comedies would fail to rival. When they begin to read, the literature they affect is the odd, the quaint, the ex-



travagant, and the bizarre,—as witness "Mother Goose," "Alice in Wonderland," and Grimm's Fairy Tales. No, the root of beauty is certainly not in the childish mind.

In the second place, no sooner has Schiller set forth his position that beauty is the first and final cause of art than he is compelled to divide it into two kinds,—a calm and graceful beauty, and a vivid and energetic one. A little later on he has to drag in the Sublime; and in his discussions with Goethe he comes to the conclusion that the characteristic and the significant are factors in art co-equal with beauty itself. He ends, therefore, with a complex with which he might as well have begun. All art appeals to the feelings, the emotions, and the imagination. We feel, are moved by, and imagine many other things beside beauty. The majority of men are more profoundly affected by things of fear and horror than they ever are by those of beauty.

Nevertheless, ideas of beauty, and the cognate ideas of grandeur and sublimity, are good for us to consider and to live with. Else there were no growth, no ascent in life,—only a dull plodding on in a level round or a downward slope to the abyss. But modern literature has done its best to banish these ideas. It has fashioned idols for itself as ugly as the fetiches of South Sea islanders. It has made a law that one subject is as good as another, and that only execution counts. It has gone further, and turned its back on all that mankind had previously judged to be attractive and desirable, and has dived and delved into purlieus and places of no regard. It has pushed aside the palaces and gardens and brought forth the alleys and the tenements. Swamps, deserts, barren farmsteads, factory-ridden suburbs, are its delighted haunts. And the human creations with which it peoples these abodes are suited to their surroundings. Now execution, if it is the execution of a genius, can do a great deal, but it is just as well to have material to begin with. There are hierarchies and ranks and gradations of interest in both nature and humanity. A rich and varied life to deal with is half the battle in art. If a great writer cannot get anything better than Walden Pond to celebrate, he may yet make something of it; but there are more possibilities in Lake Como. But the trend of modern literature towards not only the second best, but towards the worst in life, is all but universal. A few poets and mystics have stood out for beauty, nobility, and charm, but the greater part of Europe and America has been submerged by the ugly, the abnormal, the unclean, and the merely dull. Dickens was the last absolutely great creative artist of England. But for beauty he substituted picturesqueness, for charm the unflagging vivacity of animal spirits. His deficiency in the higher qualities makes him lag second in the race with Scott for the primacy of the English novel, though probably dowered with greater creative genius.

In the modern world there have been two great epochs when the Spirit of Beauty waved its wand before the eyes of man and made him see visions

and wonders. The first of these was the Renaissance, beginning with Dante and Petrarch and culminating in Shakespeare, with its bead-roll of mighty painters, architects, and artists of all kinds. In this epoch what man woke to realize was his own beauty and splendor and magnificence. He peered deep enough into the glooms and shadows of his life, but he was chiefly interested in its glories. The second awakening began with Rousseau and was continued by Goethe, Wordsworth, Byron, Shelley, Keats, and a great line of landscape painters. It revealed the outward world of nature, and for a while humanity was intoxicated with the glories of its temporal home.

Literature to-day has about exhausted the common and the chaotic. Pretty nearly all the dull and disagreeable places of the world have been discovered and exploited; pretty nearly all the diseases and disgraces and brutalities and banalities of human nature have been tabulated and typified. It is time that the Spirit of Beauty should again put forth her power and impel art to a new advance. Ideals of harmony and happiness should be reinstated in the human mind as possibilities, at least, of possession. Design, order, distinction, should set their seals again on literary work. Will the Spirit of Democracy oppose the Spirit of Beauty? I do not think so. It was the mob of a democratic city which carried Cimabue's picture in triumph through the streets. It was the workers, craftsmen, masons, laborers, who gave the work of their hands and their means to the building of the cathedrals of Europe, and who felt repaid by the glory of the growing fanes. Democracy may have a passion for art; and even if this were not so, we are not all going to be democratized into pigs.

CHARLES LEONARD MOORE.

#### CASUAL COMMENT.

PLEASE THE PLAY-GOER is commonly the first object of the theatre-manager; and the average play-goer's taste in drama is not accounted very refined. Yet there are not wanting signs that good, wholesome plays, plays even that are ranked as classic, are what the people really desire, if they are given a fair chance to indicate their preference. One recent noteworthy sign of this encouraging sort is found in the increasing success of the municipally owned and conducted theatre at Northampton, Mass., where the works of Shakespeare, Molière, Ibsen, and other masters, are received with genuine enjoyment by the inhabitants of that New England manufacturing and trading town, which at the same time, it will not be forgotten, is something of an educational centre, with its Smith College, its Forbes Library, and other institutions of literature and learning. It is but four months ago that this first and only municipal play-house in America entered upon its present policy of appealing to the people for its support in maintaining a good stock company with a repertory of only



the best that dramatic literature has to offer; and already the Northampton public has been educated up to the high purpose of this praiseworthy venture, and now the pecuniary receipts are exceeding the expenses of the undertaking, even with a very low scale of prices for seats. The play-goers themselves are consulted as to what plays shall be presented, and they are even invited to attend rehearsals and to go behind the scenes and make any useful suggestions. It is related, indeed, that when a fear was expressed lest too much expense was being lavished on scenery, the scene-painter transferred his canvas and colors to the open street and there demonstrated how quickly and cheaply a ball-room interior could be converted into a mountain landscape. The first families, we are told, vie with one another in offering the use of such properties and costumes as their ancestral homes and well-filled wardrobes may contain. Really the whole thing is almost too good to be true, but our personal acquaintance with Northampton inclines us to believe it is true. Though not all towns can boast a population of so high average intelligence as is there to be found, yet it may be not too wild a dream to picture the municipal theatre as some day no rarer a sight, in cities of some size, than the public library, the art gallery, the museum, and the zoological garden.

PROFESSOR EUCKEN ON GOETHE, as briefly reported by Mr. Frank B. Sanborn for the Springfield "Republican," will interest those who were unable to attend the eminent German scholar's Lowell Institute lectures, just concluded. Mr. Sanborn writes: "Dr. Rudolph Eucken closed this evening his course of seven discourses on philosophic idealism and realism, in which two were especially noteworthy—on Kant and Goethe,—the latter considered as a philosopher,—in which character he rather declined to appear. Goethe was fundamentally a poet, and only a philosopher by his second intention, so to speak; and naturally his philosophy was often poetically expressed. There was a broad field, however, outside of both poetry and philosophy technically considered, in which Goethe was both a 'Spaziergänger,' or tourist, and a 'Lustwandler,' or park-promenader; in this field many sciences and arts were included. In some of these he was a student, even a discoverer; in others merely on parade. Under all these, as under his verse and his dramatic and novel composition, lay his ground conception of the universe, of Nature, and of life; and to these Professor Eucken gave his chief attention. Consequently the great variety and versatility of the poet were but glanced at; his love of pleasure and of pleasure-giving, through art, were touched upon as parts of the apparatus for self-culture, to which he recalled the vaguely wandering enthusiasm of Germany, while he delighted his countrymen by songs and epigrams. Several of these the lecturer quoted in German, though the body of the lectures was in English, with which, as a language for reading, he is very familiar. He is not much

accustomed to English elocution, however, and could not easily be followed, from his inflections and emphasis, which were German rather than American. His voice is good, his presence attractive, with ruddy face, white hair and beard, and a quick, spirited manner of attacking his sentences."

NOVELS READ BY NOVELISTS in their moments of leisure ought to bear some relation, if one knew what it was, to the novels written by them. Does the rule of the attraction of opposites hold here, or the law that "like will to like," or both, or neither? The London "Book Monthly" recently printed a collection of solicited communications on the subject of women novelists' favorite reading. Some of these letters, whose writers are themselves novelists of the fair sex, remind one of the self-sufficient young author's declaration, "I do n't read books, I write 'em." But in general the correspondents show themselves to be great readers. Miss Elinor Glyn writes, "in great haste," that she hardly ever reads a novel from one year's end to another, and gives no indication that she is attracted to other forms of literature. Miss Beatrice Harraden reads "chiefly biography nowadays"; another professes herself "an incurable novel-reader," never tiring of Charlotte Brontë and Jane Austen, and able to read "Kim" over and over again with enjoyment; still another puts Fielding first among her fiction favorites, with Richardson a "far-away second," and Wilkie Collins's "Moonstone" in the front rank as a "thriller." "But far above all novels," she concludes, "for pure interest and living excitement I put mental science in any shape or form, from Professor James's 'Varieties of Religious Experience' down to the proceedings of the Psychical Research Society. Particularly fascinating to me are all works dealing with the most uncanny subject in the world, multiple personality. For a sedative there is nothing better than a memoir; and for a tonic, Professor Bergson, or such a modern poet as Mr. James Mackereth. And when English sentiment is too luscious I turn to Anatole France and his 'Gospel of Irony,' but for a sense of space and peace to the Greek plays." Thus declares Miss M. P. Willcocks.

USE AND ABUSE OF PRIVATE PAPERS deposited in public libraries are considerations governing the freedom of access allowed to such papers. In connection with the recent acquisition of important collections of this sort by the Library of Congress (we note especially the Louise Chandler Moulton papers, comprising letters from many famous authors, living and dead), a few timely words find place in the current annual report of the librarian. Good faith and seriousness of purpose must be evident in the applicant for permission to consult manuscripts. "Papers of recent date are naturally kept from general inspection more rigidly than collections of very old manuscripts. Letters of or concerning people still living are guarded with the greatest care, lest they be misused. . . . This policy is required, not only in the

interest of sound historical science, as opposed to sensationalism, but also in the interest of the Library's efforts to obtain collections of historical papers. Owners of collections of family papers naturally feel a reluctance to part with them, if they believe that when deposited with the Library, they must become accessible to every enquirer. The reluctance disappears, however, when it is known that judgment is exercised in permitting entrance to the collections." It is to be noted that the custodian of these manuscript treasures at Washington is troubled with few applications from those whose discretion cannot be relied upon, and few complaints are made of undue severity in the restrictions—none at all by scholars familiar with the rules governing the use of manuscripts in other institutions.

THE EDUCATIONAL USE OF CURRENT NEWS AND REVIEWS, as such news and reviews are to be found in some of the best of our periodicals, is gaining recognition in public schools of the higher grades, in schools of journalism, and elsewhere. One well-known weekly publication of this character takes justifiable pride in the fact that it has been selected as a means of instruction in current history and literature by a number of teachers and school superintendents in various cities, and it issues an interesting account of the methods adopted in using this somewhat novel form of textbook, with testimonials from a number of teachers. The superintendent of the New York City schools said lately in a circular letter to teachers: "It will be well for the teacher to make use of recent or contemporary literature. Many pupils have a not unnatural suspicion of 'classics.' They have a natural interest in what other people are reading and talking about. They should be induced to read the better magazines." A high-school teacher, after naming other good results following upon the use of current periodical literature in the classroom, adds: "The dictionary and encyclopædia are becoming live books because they help to throw light upon live questions. The real importance and meaning of culture is being appreciated because of the discovery of the bearing which the world's accumulation of knowledge has upon the everyday events of our own time." Incidentally, action and reaction being equal and opposite, this educational use of periodical literature ought to lift the periodical press to a somewhat higher level and keep it there.

THE TREND OF THE BRITISH BOOK-TRADE is still upward, in respect to quantity, whatever its quality may be. Statistics for the past year show an increase of more than a thousand titles over the year before in the number of books published, or a sum total of nearly thirteen thousand for 1912. That the novel has not yet entered upon the decline lately predicted for it by certain would-be prophets, seems to be indicated by the presence on the list of nearly twenty-three hundred fiction-titles, an increase of about three hundred over the preceding year. Next to the novel

the favorite with the British reader is the religious book, and he has had a choice of 934 such works among the year's new books, so that if he felt himself undergoing moral deterioration from too much novel-reading he had at hand a ready antidote to the pleasant poison; and, conversely, the sermon-reader, nodding at length over the "sixthlies" and "seventhlies" of his favorite divine, had always within easy reach an abundance of lighter and livelier literature. The sciences, the arts, and the industries were all well represented in the twelve months' book-product. How long it will be before the tide turns and the present too-rapid rate of increase in book-manufacture gives place to a more wholesome retrenchment, remains to be seen. One good book issued in an edition of ten thousand copies is, as a rule, of greater benefit to all concerned than ten books of lesser worth published in editions of a thousand copies each. But this curtailment of output may be a thing now past hoping for.

ONE LIBRARY'S NEEDS, that library being the Enoch Pratt Free Library of Baltimore, are stated plainly and in some detail by Dr. Bernard C. Steiner, the librarian, in his annual report to the trustees lately assembled in yearly conclave. As in the case of some other public institutions, it might be shorter and simpler to state what the Baltimore library does not need than to enumerate its deficiencies of equipment. A new central building, or a very considerable addition to the present structure, will occur to everyone who has visited the library as its most urgent want. "The last year," says Dr. Steiner, "has brought nearer the time when it will be impossible to have any more books in the Central Library, which is greatly over-crowded. We do not see any possibility of placing a sufficient additional number of shelves anywhere in the building to accommodate any considerable number of books." New branch buildings are also wanted, and more money for books, and an increased appropriation for maintenance, and an extension of the open-shelf system, which will of course be another item of expense, and, in fact, quantities of things that every modern library needs and that every municipal appropriations-committee grudgingly grants. Will the progressive public library ever cease to remind us of the horseleech's insatiate daughters? Let us hope not.

A YOUNG ENGLISH POET'S VISIT TO AMERICA is an occasion of interest to all concerned, especially when the poet is of the standing of the gifted Mr. Alfred Noyes, whose welcome to Boston is just now being planned by the Authors' Club and other societies and individuals of that seat of culture and learning. The Wellesley College students and faculty are to have the pleasure of hearing him read from his own poems on the twenty-seventh of this month, and other readings elsewhere are in prospect. Mr. Noyes's early attainment of recognition for his work is noteworthy. The magazines and reviews were hospitable to him from the first, and his initial vol-

ume of verse, "The Loom of Years," appeared when he was but twenty-two years old, soon to be followed by his "Robin Hood," "Flowers of Old Japan," and other works. The writing of the life of William Morris for the "English Men of Letters" series was assigned to him. . . .

COÖPERATION BETWEEN SCHOOL BOARD AND LIBRARY BOARD is becoming more and more the order of the day. An interesting account of what is effected in that particular at Grand Rapids is published by the public library of that city. In addition to the school collections of books for the use of the school children, there are now in operation six regular branch libraries in as many school buildings, established by joint agreement of the two boards concerned, the one supplying the necessary quarters with heat, light, and janitor service, the other furnishing books, periodicals, card-catalogue, attendants, free lectures, and weekly story hour. Some of these branch libraries have as many as three thousand books on their shelves, with current periodicals to the number of twenty-five or thirty, and the combined circulation of all the school branches was last year nearly a third of a million.

MR. HAROLD MONRO AND HIS POETRY SHOP are objects of interest in the London book world just now, and it is to be hoped by poetry-lovers that the interest will continue. Mr. Monro offers something novel in the bookselling business in the form of a bookshop devoted wholly to poetry—a poetry shop, as he calls it—off Theobald's Road, Bloomsbury; and one of his brother poets, Mr. Henry Newbolt, has wished the daring enterprise prosperity in a speech. In this interesting shop are to be found shelves devoted each to a particular poet of some prominence, while the lesser bards, the poets of a single slender volume, are, we assume, assembled in pleasant company. But no friend to the poets can wish these volumes a peaceful repose; rather, may they speedily give place to others, with an accompanying transfer of the currency of the realm to Mr. Monro's cash-drawer.

THE HARVARD UNIVERSITY PRESS has been established by vote of the President and Fellows of Harvard University, and will devote itself to the publication of works of a high scholarly character, especially the products of the pens of Harvard men. For some time the University printing office has issued the annual catalogue and certain department pamphlets, with a number of learned periodicals. Now these publishing activities are to be reorganized and enlarged, so that the Harvard University Press shall take rank with similar publishing departments at other seats of learning. Incidentally the interesting fact is recalled that it was at Harvard College that the first printing-press in America was set up, in 1639, in President Dunster's house, and that from this primitive press came, among other books of more or less fame, the Bay Psalm Book and the Apostle Eliot's Indian translation of the Bible.

## COMMUNICATION.

### THE REFERENDUM IN ART.

(To the Editor of THE DIAL.)

I should like to say a word on one point in Professor Cockerell's letter in your last number. I must confess that I have not much claim to be heard, for I do not think the matter as important as he does. The picture made very little impression upon me when I first saw it, but it impressed him so that he was quite upset for at least three hours. I cannot claim his earnestness. Still, as he is going to make a mistake, I want to act the part of Cassandra.

It will be for others to defend the picture if they see fit. Professor Cockerell thinks it immoral because bad, and bad because immoral ("essentially bad, and therefore immoral"; "good taste based on fundamental morality"). This may be so, but the view expressed in Professor Cockerell's letter is not convincing on first thoughts. He thinks the features of the lady awry and the colors lurid and unnatural. But the features of almost everybody are a little awry, I am told, and the colors in many not immoral homes are a little lurid and unnatural. "The White Rose" may be exaggerated, but the old story in the Fourth Reader teaches us that exaggeration, even coarseness in execution, may be one of the necessities of art.

The really important thing, however, is the summary of postcards. The result of this inquiring do will be as follows: There will be a number of persons with views like Professor Cockerell's who will write to him at once. There will be a slightly smaller number who are opposed to him who will write, on the whole, a little later. These two classes will be controversialists, and their opinions will not be of value, except for students of that branch of un-Systematic Zoölogy known as Human Nature. There will also be a number of genuine impressions from people interested in the question itself. There will not be enough of these to be more than a contribution to æsthetic material, but the proportion will be somewhat in favor of those who do not like the picture.

If one could get a really representative opinion, the inquiry would be of value. If Professor Cockerell desires a representative opinion,—that is, if he thinks the question of importance, if he will be a scientist out of his chair as well as in it, if he is doing more than starting a magazine discussion,—he should, I believe, go about it in another way. He ought to cut the picture out of the "Century" and stick it on a piece of paste board, with a pencil attached to it by a string, and then go about Boulder, and make a nuisance of himself by asking everybody to say how the picture affected them when first seen. Or he might show them the picture, and himself note their behavior. When he had five hundred or a thousand impressions he would have something unique in æsthetic, and of great value—to anyone who knew how to use it.

May I add that I approve highly of the general principle of the Referendum in Art, as well as in Politics. The true æsthetic value of anything must be measured by the permanent impression made upon the greatest number. (This, I believe, is the view of Marshall: "Pain, Pleasure, and Æsthetics"; and Santayana: "The Sense of Beauty"; and also, with pragmatic attachment, of Walter Pater, at the end of his essay on Style.)

EDWARD E. HALE.

Union College, Schenectady, N. Y., Feb. 10, 1913.



### The New Books.

#### THE KINGDOM OF RIGHTEOUSNESS IN AMERICAN LIFE.\*

Dr. Rauschenbusch's "Christianity and the Social Crisis," published some five years ago, met a need among thinking people so adequately that one was inclined to agree with the author that he had "said all that God had given him to say on our social problems." Yet his new book, "Christianizing the Social Order," proves a work of hardly less importance.

The first book was an historic survey; it reviewed the roots in Judaism of a socialized democracy, the blossoming of the ideal in the Teachings of Jesus, the hampered development in Christian history; and it led to a discussion of the modern duty to realize Christianity on the social side. Almost at that point the present book takes up the theme,—expanding and supplementing the treatment of the ideas of Jesus, but carrying the fundamental theme of the Kingdom of Righteousness out into the very midst of our complexities and bewilderments. In some ways it is a better book than the other. The writing is more brilliant. The animus against a sacramental and sacerdotal form of Christianity which seemed to some readers to mar the impartiality of "Christianity and the Social Crisis" is less in evidence. There is persuasive sanity, force in concrete application, and uncompromising courage. Of the earlier work it has been said that it is a book without any hate in it. "So far as I know my own soul that is true of this book also," says the author. The claim is just. Yet many a page is aglow with the "wrath of the Lamb." Dr. Rauschenbusch has an exceptional command of sardonic speech. Perhaps it is a power given by fearless honesty. At all events, the trenchant phrases dissipate self-deception and dislodge conscience from many an easy refuge. The driving directness renders thought of literary qualities insignificant; yet the author is master of an individual style, admirable in cogency and actuality, rich in metaphor "pris sur le vif." In spite of an occasional lapse from dignity, the colloquialisms used are usually effective. Perhaps the book deals too much with transitory and technical matters to be literature in the highest sense; but many of the best qualities that create literature are found in it.

The recent awakening of nation and Church

\*CHRISTIANIZING THE SOCIAL ORDER. By Walter Rauschenbusch. New York: The Macmillan Co.

is first presented in a way that will bring home to many in and out of the churches how far organized religion has deliberately travelled in a radical direction; how far it stands committed both to responsibility for social leadership and to a definite economic programme of an advanced type. "The social interest in the Church has now run beyond the stage of the solitary pioneer; it has been admitted within the organizations." An inspiring review, communion by communion, suggests both how general is the awakening and how great the waiting task. A note of suspense is struck with characteristic candor in the following:

"I confess that my faith falters in the very act of professing it. The possibilities are so vast, so splendid, so far-reaching, so contradictory of all historic precedent, that my hope may be doomed to failure. The American Churches may write one more chapter in the long biography of the disappointed Christ, which our sons will read with shame and our enemies with scorn. But for the present the East is aflame with the day of Jehovah, and a thousand voices are calling. If failure comes, may it find our sword broken at the hilt."

In Part II., "The Revolutionary Destiny of Christianity," we return to the firm foundation of the social teachings of Jesus. The facile platitudes to which these teachings are reduced by the sentimentalist meet with summary disposal: "Love," left in helpless liquidity,— "It is indeed love that we want, but it is socialized love"; "Stewardship," calling for no change in economic distribution, but simply for faithful disbursement of funds; "The Golden Rule," a span measure "hardly long enough to survey and lay out the building site of the New Jerusalem"; the impossible call to literal imitation of the life of Jesus. The inadequacy of all these "truly religious ideas" leaves the demand for a religious basis to our task still unanswered. Such basis Dr. Rauschenbusch finds in the conception of the Kingdom of God. With fresh force, albeit traversing ground familiar in his first book, he points out the essentially social and practical nature of this ideal as it lay in the Mind of Jesus. Is it possible that he belittles unduly the Apocalyptic element in the Master's thought? Must we dismiss this element, so prominent in the Gospels, as a misreading of His mind or an unfortunate survival? Or may we see here, under local limitations, a strangely wise perception that social development depends not only on quiet growth but on visible catastrophe, and that as Kropotkin claims, revolutionary crises are a necessary part of evolution? Viewed in this light, the most perplexing factor in the faith of the early Church gains permanent

meaning and value. At all events, the idea of the Reign of Righteousness on earth shines out concrete and majestic from these pages. The eclipse of this idea, and the necessity that it be restored to the personal religion of the future, is then briefly sketched.

How sharp the contrast between that social vision and the reality! In Part III., "Our Semi-Christian Social Order," honesty as well as optimism have full sweep. It dwells first on the social domains which have slowly and painfully come under the sway of Christ's Law: the family, the Church itself, education, and—save the mark!—politics. "I confess to some misgivings in moving that this brother be received among the regenerate, but I plead on his behalf that he is a newly-saved sinner." A good case is made out, by an interesting argument; yet the reader feels that the author has been hard put to it if he must adduce "this brother" as a witness. He is obliged to confess that "in practice we are a nation of backsliders"; yet "these things are in the nature of a derailment of justice, the road bed and the trackage are still there even when the train is ditched."

Fortified, we turn to the "unregenerate sections" of our common life. This book is constructive, yet more than 160 pages go to pure indictment; and even when we turn from "The Invasion of God's Country" to "The Direction of Progress," indignation calls us back. In the attempt to write most positively, the pen lingers, tipped with acid or fire, over all that hampers our Christian will. The discussion covers sadly familiar ground,—but in a manner so fresh and pungent that the most jaded mind finds its reaction from our modern sins sharpened and focussed. The point of view is Christian, not economic: "Does our business system create sound and noble manhood? Does it make it fairly easy to do right and hard to do wrong? Does it call men upward or tempt them downward?" Answers are obvious; the treatment is ironic, unsparing, fully cognizant of individual helplessness, yet none the less never blinking the moral responsibility of each of us to help the collective action which shall release us from our collective chains. "Such power on the one hand and such weakness on the other constitute a solicitation to sin to which human nature ought never to be subjected." "A reign of competition is a reign of fear. . . . A reign of fear is never a reign of God." Such are some among the terse summaries of the outcome of capitalism. One is tempted to cull quotations, to dwell on the caustic presentation of facts. Facts about

adulteration: "A new process makes an emulsion of skim milk for ice-cream that looks like the richest kind of cream. That ought to be a great saving to the country. But this is a hymn of many verses. We must chant the rest on the Day of Judgment." Facts about the muzzling of the press. And facts about education: "The great givers are acting like a soft pedal on the piano. There is probably not a teacher with a real message to our age who has not felt compelled by consideration for himself and his institution to soften and dull down the very things that most demand utterance." These be plain words, my brethren: they afford pleasant reading,—heart-breaking thinking. All is free from hysteria or over-statement. When Dr. Rauschenbusch has finished marshalling his evidence, "The Case of Christianity against Capitalism" is complete.

It has been complete this many a year; and one turns eagerly to the later constructive discussion, as to how a Christian economic order should be constituted. Perhaps slight disappointment awaits one. There is a drop, as the author is aware, from the high levels of religious thought to schemes for protecting the laborer, socializing land, guaranteeing employment. These ideas, the usual programme of economic advance, are unluckily losing their freshness almost before they get out into life. But as the sure fight gathers round them they will regain it. Meantime, the descent from religious passion to a precise programme of reform is one phase of that voluntary self-humiliation of the divine which is the world's salvation. At least, the discussion does not satisfy itself with easy truisms. The elasticity and modesty of mind are refreshing. "There is only one thing which I am prepared to assert with absolute confidence about coming events: that they will not happen in the way I expect them to happen." Yet the proposals are cheerily concrete,—a true help to the necessary task of "translating the fundamental utterances of the Mind of Christ" into "terms large enough to make them fully applicable to modern social life." Like all of us, Dr. Rauschenbusch stands for the abolition of special privilege; like all good socialists, he vindicates the sacred rights of property, pointing out that "a condition in which millions of people have no share at all in the productive capital of the nation . . . debases humanity, undermines the Republic, and desiccates religion." There is a picturesque apologue on page 338; a delectable rewriting of the principles of that choice organization, the "Liberty and Property

Defense League," on page 351. There is plea for the indefinite enlargement of the collective form of property. "Economic Democracy" and "The Economic Basis of Fraternity" are two good formulæ under which the discussion proceeds. The last formula leads beyond detail into the demand for "the evolution of a coöperative economic organization as wide as society," which is obviously "the largest constructive moral task ever undertaken." Yet the next chapter shows the task to be no novelty, pointing out in cogent fashion the transmission of this highest instinct for social organization down the ages, from the days of tribal communism through monasticism, to the expression of fraternal ideals in the collegiate communities of our own day. Having then reached "The Powers of the Coming Age" we review modern tendencies in the same direction. The coöperative movement, organized labor, and single tax agitation prepare us for a fairly full consideration of socialism. The author's brotherly yet severe treatment of the false emphasis and the innate dangers of political and party socialism, renders all the more effective his grave and distinct alignment of himself with the socialist movement in its broader but no less definite sense.

We have been studying "The Direction of Progress"; we turn in conclusion to "The Methods of Advance." The finely democratic treatment recognizes the full value of that working-class movement on which philanthropy and reform too often look askance. Clever application of the Scriptures is a specialty of Dr. Rauschenbusch. He tells us that education has performed for the torpid classes of society the miracle Elisha performed on the Shunammite's son, when he warmed the dead body till the child sneezed seven times and opened his eyes. "The working class has sneezed seventy times seven. It looks like convulsions, but it means the awakening of life." And again in more sober vein: "If the banner of the Kingdom of God is to enter through the gates of the future, it will have to be carried by the tramping hosts of labor."

Yet the book ends on the note of stirring appeal to the privileged and the religious in the name of the faith they profess. At the outset this note had been struck: "It rests largely with the Churches whether the emancipation of the working classes will come by a gradual and peaceful evolution of society or whether we are to have the folly and woe of the civil war over again." Now the note is repeated. The Marxian may be right in his cynicism. Perhaps no class will ever as a whole vote away its own

privileges. Nevertheless "men and women of the wealthy class who have been converted to the people as well as to God can perform a service of the highest value by weakening the resistance which their classes will inevitably offer to the equalization of property." "Individuals will respond: more of them, I believe, than in any similar situation in history before." "Even a few renegades from the rich are invaluable. It takes a sharp blow from the outside to crack an eggshell: the soft bill of a chick can break it from within."

And the conclusion of the whole matter is that the Church "must send out men and women to finish up the work which Christ began. Is the Church supplying society with the necessary equipment of such personalities? Let us grant that it can never reach all: but is it making Christian revolutionists of those whom it does teach and control?"

Such a Christian revolutionist at all events is Dr. Rauschenbusch himself. "Those men who have kept their mental balance against the dogmatism of the cruder types of socialism, who have guarded the purity of their life against the looseness of modern morals, who have cherished the devoutness of intimate religion in the drought of scepticism, but who have also absorbed the socialist analysis of our collective sins and the socialist hope of a fraternal democracy, stand as a class marked by God as his own." The writer of such a book as this is one of those heralds on whom he calls:

"Trumpeter, rally us, rally us  
On to the City of God."

VIDA D. SCUDDER.

#### MODERN HUMANISM.\*

It was only a short time ago that John Addington Symonds, in his "Essays, Speculative and Suggestive," summed up with sanity and sweep the solemn function of the critic.

"In order to profit by the vast extension of artistic knowledge in this generation and to avoid the narrowness of sects and cliques, the main thing for us is to form a clear conception of the mental atmosphere in which sound criticism has to live and move and have its being. 'The form of this world passes; and I would fain occupy myself with that only which constitutes abiding relations.' So said Goethe; and these words have much the same effect as that admonition of his, 'to live with steady purpose in the Whole, the Good, the Beautiful.' The true critic must divest his mind from what is transient and ephemeral, must fasten upon abiding relations, *bleibende Verhältnisse*."

\*THE MASTERS OF MODERN FRENCH CRITICISM. By Irving Babbitt. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Co.



If the critic is to accept such an exalted creed he can no longer live, as so many are doing, in dalliance with his own lawless moods. To be sure, Symonds's younger contemporary, Oscar Wilde, would have taken another path, and with clash of cymbal and riotous song would have led us along the path of "the great confusion" which Sainte-Beuve foresaw. But despite the fact that Wilde promised with his luxurious impressionism somehow to regenerate the world, despite the fact that the influence of "The Critic as Artist" tinges some of the soberest utterances of many later critics (such a penetrating essay, for instance, as Mr. Lewis Gates's "Impressionism and Appreciation"), Anglo-Saxondom has recoiled from the gospel which would lead us to the flickering irony of Renan's later years or compel us with Anatole France to "despise men tenderly." With all his specious exaltation, Wilde could not in good faith have subscribed to the lofty yet tempered dictum of William Sharp:

"When I speak of Criticism I have in mind not merely the more or less deft use of commentary or indication but one of the several ways of literature and in itself a rare and fine art: the marriage of science that knows and of spirit that discerns. The basis of Criticism is imagination, its spiritual quality is simplicity, its intellectual distinction is balance."

Here, without surrendering the new honors that the impressionist has claimed for criticism, is a sober ideal instead of smart paradox. Where, however, shall we seek for this balance? Just how may we occupy ourselves with the abiding relations of things? The historian of criticism will find several brilliant answers among latter-day American critics. He will find something of the wisdom of poetry in the essay of Mr. Gates,—though he will note that "appreciation," however tempered by richness of historical equipment and sensitive knowledge of one's own age, loses sureness in its abnegation of the critic's memorial right to judge, and loses sweep and inspiration in consenting to be for its own age alone. The historian will be stimulated by Professor Trent's essay on "The Authority of Criticism," in which, with his characteristic keen sense of both sides of a question, the author maps out domains in which the criticism of tradition and the criticism of impressions may do their best work. But the historian may well wish that the two criticisms could have been more closely fused. The historian will enjoy the drastic iconoclasm of Professor Spingarn's "The New Criticism." But after the shouting and the tumult dies and he finds himself with only the talisman, "What has the poet tried to express and how has he expressed it?" which Professor

Spingarn takes from the Germans and Carlyle as the sole vital and unifying concern of criticism, the historian will be fain to ask himself how such a slender relic will save him from "the great confusion." A few of Professor Spingarn's applications will make this danger clear. His assault on the criticism by *genres* is wantonly destructive of a method that has brought us views penetrating as often as pedantic.\* In his repudiation of all moral judgment in literature he falls into the modern heresy of talking about things, including art, for their own sake, as if life were as staccato as an index. In his contemptuous dismissal of all efforts at a theory of style he but sends us back to a rereading of a long line of great essays that make us, despite their inconsistencies, nod our heads and smile at the image-breaker and wonder whether such profound speculations are indeed never to be increased in the land. No, this talisman is too slight and too explosive. With less reservation we read Mr. Paul Elmer More's oracular utterances in the seventh series of the "Shelburne Essays." We find much to ponder in his tracing of a spiritual family, after the manner of a Sainte-Beuve, which includes Cicero and Erasmus, Boileau and Arnold, and which quietly sets the influence of these men above the fulminations of a Saint Paul, a Luther, a Carlyle. We apprehend the fine subtlety with which he seizes upon that theory of concentrated race-experience which set Walter Pater to dreaming morbidly if enchantingly over *La Gioconda* and with which Oscar Wilde would have freed his cult of sultry egoists from moral and social responsibility; and we follow the noble enthusiasm with which the American critic rescues this conception of an inheritance of "the unconquerable hopes and defeated fears of an immeasurable past, the tragedies and the comedies of love, the ardent aspirations of faith, the baffled questionings of evil, the huge laughter at facts, the deep-welling passion of peace" for a discipline making up its loss of original intensity with a significance and design, a new unity in which ephemeral life is winnowed and "fitted into that great ring of eternity which Henry Vaughan saw as in a dream." And having reached an apex in this hymnlike humanistic solution, we are prepared to consider Professor Babbitt's "The Masters of Modern French Criticism," not as a climax after Mr. More's golden words, but as an elaborate and memorable case for humanism and the dignity of criticism.

\*See Professor Nielson's introduction to Professor Gummere's "The Popular Ballad" for some keen suggestions for fresh use of the examination of *genres*.

It is refreshing by contrast with the narrow view of criticism which stifles us for all Professor Saintsbury's learning, taste, and exuberance in his massive *History*, to open a book which, from a most comprehensive survey of the brilliant men who have done more than any other nation or age for criticism, ramifies in a set of doctrines which shape for us, at least in outline, a theory of conduct, a theory of education, a philosophy, along with a theory of criticism. Many of our readers are already familiar with Professor Babbitt's formula. In his "Literature and the American College" and in "The New Laokoön" he assumed a role more dictatorial than any English critic since Matthew Arnold, with the possible exception of Mr. More, and legislated with rich scholarship and an insight that has made his assurance at once impressive and natural. He would have us mediate between the romantic emotionalism that still flows strong from Rousseau, and the scientific naturalism that has swept over and dazzled all modern beliefs and aspirations, with a humanistic discipline that at present finds little voice, but which has claimed, since the days of Plato at least, an imposing minority of seers who have championed it more or less completely. To many of us so long attuned to the nineteenth-century philosophy of change this formula has an air of simplicity with sweep that has made its promise seem all too magical, all too facile, for a disease so deep-seated and fascinating as is our modern skeptical neurasthenia; while Professor Babbitt himself has been tempted by its sovereign virtues into certain procrustean or at least over-hasty applications,—as in his dubious comments on programme music in "The New Laokoön." But all friends and all foes worthy of the name will be delighted with the restraint and the sureness with which he uses his bright weapon in his latest volume.

Let us approach him once more through an examination of kindred spirits. Symonds notes three types of critic: the judge, the showman (i.e. the impressionist), and the scientific analyst. "The true critic," he holds, "must combine all three types in himself, and hold the balance by his sense of their reciprocal relations." In a notable passage he applies this critical spirit to humanistic education.

"Heraclitus has a weighty saying, which those who aim at sound criticism should bear in mind. 'It behoves us,' he remarks, 'to follow the common reason of the world; yet though there is a common reason in the world, the majority live as though they possessed a wisdom peculiar each unto himself alone.'

"The object of education is to provide us in youth

with a sense of this common reason—a just if general view of what mankind as a whole is—a notion of what has been thought and wrought by our race in its totality of what humanity at its best and strongest has achieved by interrupted yet continuous efforts of how we come to be what we are and to think and feel as we do. Humanism, the study of history and literature and art and law, suffices better than any other training . . . because its matter is of greater moral and mental importance to humanity. Such education prepares the specialist to judge with width and sympathy and due regard for relations, to overcome personal caprice and predilection and to survey the particular plot he selects for exploration as part of the great whole."

Mr. More seems to have much in common with this, yet he touches upon the danger of using the past "too much as a dead storehouse of precepts for schoolmastering the present," and would be careful to ally judgment "to the indwelling and ever-acting memory of things" which consciously creates "the field of the present out of the past." The critical spirit becomes thus akin to "the guiding principle, itself unchanged, at work within the evolutionary changes of nature." "Might we not even say," continues Mr. More, "that at a certain point criticism becomes almost identical with education, and that by this standard we may judge the value of any study as an instrument of education and may estimate the merit of any special presentation of that study?"

Thus Mr. More makes Symonds's standards more flexible without losing his large control. With such men as these Professor Babbitt is, if I read him aright, in close accord. I am not attempting an Alexandrian study of his sources; rather, I am attempting first to introduce him more powerfully with his shield locked with those of a noble phalanx, and then to show with a bare summary of his "Conclusion" how conspicuously his own crest waves in the bright array. All our examination of other writers will but more sharply define his distinguished contribution to that synthetic thought that many youths (of various degrees of age) are dreaming of as the distinctive work with which the twentieth century will supplement the nineteenth century of analysis and expansion so courageous and so distressing.

Here, then, follows Professor Babbitt's conclusion in his own words, as far as I can manage it in a difficult *précis* of such condensed and close reasoning:

"From the tyranny of the old neo-classical rules came the revolt of the romanticists in favor of wider knowledge and wider sympathy. But the romanticists forget that these are only the feminine virtues of a critic. It is interesting to observe how Sainte-Beuve, as a 'doctor of relativity,' was partly responsible for this resultant

anarchy from which, indeed, in his full maturity, he himself recoiled and enlisted himself with the great judicial conservatives. But in this doctrine of relativity both impressionist and scientific critic have united, the one prating eternally of books 'suggestive,' the other of books 'significant'; the one denying any impersonal standard, the other entrenched in his theory of the unknowable. Neither method can lead to any sure distinction between third rate work and a play of Sophocles. Many books once infinitely suggestive and still of the highest historical significance are now seen to be of very inferior value. From Rousseau to the impressionist has echoed 'Man is the measure of all things.' But is one to interpret this in the spirit of the Greek sophists, like M. France who finds us but 'the sport and playthings of mobile circumstances,' or in the spirit of Socrates, like Emerson who so asserts the maxim as to attain to a new sense of the unity of human nature, a unity founded not on tradition but on insight? To Emerson the best books in the world seem to be the work of 'one all-seeing, all-hearing gentleman.' The individual man is the measure of all things only in so far as he has realized in himself this essential human nature. If we learn to separate this from Emerson's conflicting tendency to encourage unduly the man who is undisciplined, unselective, and untraditional we have the corrective to temper that immense relativism which almost paralyzed Sainte-Beuve himself. While the perfect taste thus formed may be a gift divine, inborn, or impossible, it is at least an ideal for humanistic self-discipline that should encourage any sincere and intelligent aspirant to raise himself above that acceptance of anarchy which the impressionist considers inevitable. It is well for us to awaken our senses with the impressionist, but only that we may the better judge. The problem is to avoid the extreme of the pseudo-classical critic who set up a standard entirely outside the individual and the extreme of the impressionist entirely within. We should seek a standard that is in the individual and yet is felt by him to transcend his personal self and lay hold of that part of his nature which he possesses in common with other men. To complete this standard, this judgment of the keen-sighted few in the present needs to be ratified by the verdict of posterity. Yet in our day the Rousseauist or pseudo-democrat would value a book not by its appeal to the keen-sighted few, but by its immediate effect on the average man, a humanitarian fallacy which fits in alike with impressionism and commercialism. Modern criticism, in getting rid of formalism and in becoming sympathetic and comprehensive, has performed only half its task. The other half is to find some new principle of judgment and selection. We need a critic who rests his discipline and selection upon the past, but who by a constant process of hard and clear thinking is constantly adjusting the experience of the past to the changing needs of the present. Sainte-Beuve can give us a miraculous vision of the past but he is one of the victims of naturalistic fatalism. Goethe, in his humanistic period, is nearer to the ideal than any other modern. But Goethe has a weakness. Although he refused to enter into the deterministic maze that struck proud gloom into both the dogmatic supernaturalists, like Pascal, and our dogmatic naturalists, although he would have us turn from those ultimate problems which may drive us mad to man's works, he conceives of this work too much in terms of the outer world, too little in terms of the individual's inner life. For the man whose attention is exclusively on works is

in danger of losing that humility which comes only from a sense of man's helplessness before the infinite. Moreover Goethe, even in full maturity, was too full of admiration for unregulated sympathy. Thus his view tends to fly apart into the two extremes which baffle control — the idea of work conceived, primarily in a utilitarian spirit, and diffusive unselective sympathy. As Emerson charges him, he fails to worship the highest unity. We need a second Boileau, not with the old formalism but with the main results of the great expansion of the last century, who would be further able to make keen discriminations between different degrees of merit and demerit. But we must select without sourness or asceticism. We must avoid the danger of the French reactionary who fails, for instance, in a reaction against naturalism, to take up all that is legitimate in naturalism. We must not dream of an impossible return to the past. Its forms of authority have become impossible for many moderns. We must substitute an intuition of something which imposes on man's whole being a controlling purpose. To the influence of Sainte-Beuve, then, the great doctor of relativity, we must bring the controlling influence of Emerson in so far as he is the philosopher of the oversoul. The ideal critic would need to combine the breadth and versatility and sense of difference of a Sainte-Beuve with the elevation and insight and sense of unity of an Emerson."

Professor Babbitt's formula is not without its dangers for its creator. It lends justification for that judicial faculty which Professor Babbitt would seem to be inclined temperamentally to over-emphasize himself in spite of his admirable analysis of its excesses in Brunetière. It is interesting to see the working out of this influence on his style. He has an unusual command of irony. In his earlier volumes this is almost omnipresent. He seems to lunge with a rapier at once trenchant and unnecessarily envenomed. The wound festers. It is possible, we protest, to be a devil of a fighter without being so persistently belligerent. We recall Arnold's irony (which he was wont to use even in the face of charges of foppish strutting and triviality). But Professor Babbitt has not the gallantry of Arnold, who, with something of the versatility of Cyrano de Bergerac, bows and smiles as he runs you through. Professor Babbitt frowns a good deal and thrusts viciously. We must hasten to add that there is much more restraint in "The Masters of Modern French Criticism" than in the earlier volumes. But there is still, with an irony more restrained, a feverish quickstep that arises from almost an excess of earnestness. Besides the irritation caused by the cut and thrust manner there comes an allied annoyance: our stinging ears await the grateful cadence of a solemn and exultant period. But Professor Babbitt's own petulance, his own fine zeal, will not let him gratify us. This stylistic defect is likely to be the failing of the critic who remains



essentially judicial, not with the ponderosity of Johnson but with the crisp proverb-manner of Boileau; and who does not quite gain, much as he may desire it, the full elevation of the more irresponsible emotionalist.

It is this excess of the long neglected judicial temper, too, that makes him distrustful, as Arnold was before him, of the identification of critic and artist so frequently urged by the impressionists. It is to be regretted that Professor Babbitt accepts the outworn antithesis, "critical" and "creative." Surely the critic may be creative without admiring, as Victor Hugo would have it, "like a brute,"—without seeking to herald his new office with the insincere fanfare of a Wilde. It is interesting here to compare Mr. More, who brings critics at least very close to the creative manner but who would admit that "they are by intellect hesitators," a concession surely not wholly true of the greatest of them. Mr. John McKinnon Robertson ("Science in Criticism," pp. 144 *seq.*), points out "the nullity of the proposition" that "criticism is a lower form of intellectual effort than those called 'creative,'" and doubtless Professor Babbitt would find sufficient solace in such a contention to urge that my present jangling is to no purpose. There is no space for extended argument. But I would contend that there is something far more important than the gratification of individual vanity in the new conception of the critic as creator; and that since criticism shows signs of marked new developments, since the number of sane critics who insist upon its creative character increases daily, I would repeat that an excess of the judicial temper may tend to deprive criticism of this last honor and range that is now its inspiring heritage.

But we have quarreled overmuch. It is rather early to forecast a return to the judicial extreme. Surely Professor Babbitt's mastery of the sadly neglected judicial faculty has brought him striking results. In a style richly jewelled with choice quotations,—a style which absorbs quotations with the art of Hazlitt, of Byron in "Don Juan," or of Thackeray,—Professor Babbitt follows a method that has been called "collective criticism," a criticism which is too objective to have intolerable acidity, which requires toil too epical to appeal to one so-called critic out of a thousand, but which (as Professor Brewster has well pointed out) is a rich field as yet but little trodden.\* Professor Babbitt's

chapters on Sainte-Beuve, in particular, are analytic and synthetic work of a very high order. Other writers have had at best but partial success in constructing the necromantic method which Sainte-Beuve himself revealed so waywardly. But Professor Babbitt has, with great knowledge, patience, and delicate acumen, found all the bright evanescent disclosures in the master himself and in his most cunning critics, and has woven them into a coat of mail. He has captured Proteus and compelled him to assume permanently his proper form. Such "collective criticism" as this is certainly an admirable application of Professor Babbitt's own large vision of a method that draws the best from impressionist, scientific historian, and humanist, that goes to Sainte-Beuve, to Goethe, and to Emerson for a new eclectic philosophy. And we may add that such "collective criticism" as this is, in Professor Babbitt's despite, creative. From his pages those noble warriors of France, Sainte-Beuve, Taine, Joubert, Scherer, Renan, Brunetière, stand forth vivid, scarred. This is *dramatic criticism* in a new and in a very severe use of a much abused word.

HERBERT E. CORY.

#### THE BEFOGGED ELIZABETHAN STAGE.\*

From being the most neglected field of Elizabethan research, the subject of the conditions of stage presentation in Shakespeare's London has become in a single decade one of the most violently debated *questiones vexatæ* of recent scholarship. Mr. W. J. Lawrence lays claim, not without reason, to the distinction of having inaugurated this fresh trend of critical speculation; and his handsome volume of eleven essays, originally composed at different times between 1902 and the present year, offers an easy measure of the progress which has been attained.

During the period spanned by these papers, several thousands of pages, literally, have been published by some twenty writers, in England, Germany, and America, in the effort to elucidate Elizabethan stage conditions; and the end is assuredly not yet. The pelter of dissertations continues, but the first stage in the investigation is giving place to a second. Instead of far-ranging inquiries, seeking to settle the entire question on independent and rather empirical lines, one finds to-day a close-locked battle waged about half a dozen shibboleths thrown up by the

\* "Modern English Literary Criticism." Professor Brewster cites perhaps the best example: Mr. J. M. Robertson's essay on Poe, "largely an analysis of the collective estimate of Poe, with comments of his own."

\* THE ELIZABETHAN PLAYHOUSE, and Other Essays. By W. J. LAWRENCE. Illustrated. Stratford-upon-Avon: Shakespeare Head Press. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Co.

conflict of opinion. It is less the Shakespearean or the Elizabethan stage as a whole which at present engages the attention of the students than such by-products of discussion as the "alternation" and the "plastic" theories, the principle of "multiple setting," and the "platform" or "picture," "corridor" or "alcove" stage.

The change is, of course, in many ways a mark of healthy progress—an index of the closer range within which the investigations of some of the most acute modern scholars have brought the subject. The absolute results have been well set forth by one of the pioneers in the work, Professor G. F. Reynolds, in a paper in last year's "Modern Philology,"—"What We Know of the Elizabethan Stage." The advance is somewhat painfully brought home to the general public by the fact that the commentaries in even the most scholarly editions of the Elizabethan dramatists have in ten years grown quite superannuated in all that regards details of staging. It is no dispraise of Mr. Lawrence and such of his compeers as Archer, Albright, Wegener, and Reynolds, however, to say that the dispassionate scholar who gives up his days and nights for no small space of time to the careful reading of their treatises is likely to emerge with a sense of the vast preponderance of speculation and inference over established fact. The field whence evidence is to be culled is so broad, and the meagre individual hints so dishearteningly contradictory, that it is not surprising to find vague deduction running riot or chasing itself about in circles of vicious logic.

On the principle which now obtains, it would seem essential that the theorist seeking to construct a mental concept of the Globe or Fortune stage be able to hold suspended in his mind a clear idea of the actual requirements of every scene of at least a hundred plays. But this is practically impossible. The most assiduous investigators seem hardly to have done more than consider a single striking scene or two from each of thirty or forty plays. Hence, as each student inevitably remembers and stresses, out of the ungovernable multitude, the particular scenes which lean most toward his personal interpretation, it is very natural that discordant views have been able to establish and maintain themselves. Thus the alternation theory, which postulates very precise care in the avoidance of incongruous effects, and the so-called "plastic" theory, which believes in the indifference of the Elizabethan public to what would be to-day unendurable clashes of scenic atmosphere, have both

been ably expounded on the evidence of the plays themselves.

The first indispensable step in the investigation of Elizabethan stage practice has consisted in the general survey of the entire field. Now that this difficult labor is accomplished and a number of general principles set beyond doubt, it should be possible to bring out the details more clearly by concentrating attention upon particular subdivisions of the province. To treat separately the productions of the different theatres, especially in the earlier period, is hardly possible on the basis of present knowledge. To begin with the consideration of Shakespeare's works, as Brodmeier did, is to court disaster, for Shakespeare's stage practice was doubtless as genially erratic and as arbitrary as his use of language. Shakespeare wrote with a superlative knowledge of the peculiar needs, and even, doubtless, of the undreamed potentialities, of a special company and theatre. To attempt to deduce from his practice alone an idea of the normal usage would be like inferring the characteristics of everyday Elizabethan conversation from the soliloquies of Hamlet.

The best means of bringing into clear outline the ground principles of Elizabethan staging will probably be to proceed, from the basis of the broad truths established by the researches of the last ten years, to a more minute study than has yet been attempted of the practice of the earlier playwrights, especially Greene and Marlowe. These poets seem to have had no intimate or exclusive association with any one play-house. They wrote normally, it is certain, for the public stage, but not with their eye upon the peculiar individual requirements of a single company or theatre. That is, they saw the stage, presumably, as the man in the street saw it in their day and as we should first try to see it—in broad outline with a few salient universal features subject to infinite modification in special cases. When these simple fundamental characteristics have been elicited by microscopic study of the not overwhelmingly numerous dramas of the earliest writers for the public stage, we may hope to discover more easily the developments and personal innovations which it seems certain that more advanced and technical artists like Shakespeare and Ben Jonson must have made. From these we may then probably trace the course of evolution through the work of the succeeding seventeenth-century playwrights. Assuredly, if there is any parallel between the progress of the early English stage and that of the dramatic literature with which it was so very

intimately associated, we must expect to find enormous differences of detail between the stage practice of Marlowe's plays, of Shakespeare's, and of Ford's. No wonder that the arguments which give identical value to evidence from "Alphonsus of Aragon," from "Hamlet," and from "The Broken Heart" leave us no means of distinguishing between the normal and essential and the purely exceptional.

The various essays in Mr. Lawrence's book differ greatly in their importance to the student of stage conditions. "The Story of a Peculiar Stage Curtain" and "Proscenium Doors" are written in popular rather than scientific vein; and the same can be said of "The Mounting of the Carolan Masques," which contains, however, some valuable new matter. The treatment of "Early French Players in England" (mainly during the Stuart era), of Shadwell's putative "Tempest" opera, and of the authorship of the "Macbeth" music touches interesting side-issues; but Mr. Lawrence's claim to serious recognition as a purveyor of new light will depend mainly upon his introductory paper on "The Evolution of the Elizabethan Playhouse," with its supplement at the end of the volume, and upon the three careful inquiries regarding the situation of the "lords' room," the use of title and locality boards, and the place of music and song in the Elizabethan theatre.

These essays, like the others, are written with verve and bear the mark of diligent preparation. That they lead to rather few definite conclusions is perhaps due more to the broad field they seek to cover than to any lack of critical acumen in the author. Very often one finds Mr. Lawrence slipping over the real difficulties of the problem before him with such lighthearted remarks as "There seems to be no valid reason for doubting" (p. 23) and "Some slight evidence exists to show" (*ibid.*). Near the beginning of his first paper (p. 5), Mr. Lawrence remarks that "Authentic details of the prime characteristics of the Shoreditch theatres (*i.e.*, the 'Theater' and 'Curtain') are almost wholly lacking." Yet in the same connection he states, on evidence which I am wholly unable to trace, that the "Theater" and "Curtain" were used for bull and bear baitings as well as dramatic performances. From this he infers that the theatres in question must have had removable stages; and later (p. 23) he suggests that "one invariable concomitant of the permanent (as opposed to the removable) stage was the oblique entering doors." Here a very interesting theory is built up almost without a prop. The difference in dramatic effectiveness

between a stage on which actors may enter through doors set opposite each other toward the front of the platform and a stage where all entrances must be made through openings in the rear wall is of the utmost consequence. If Mr. Lawrence is right, then Shakespeare's company must not only have made a very great advance in the efficiency of their acting when they removed from the "Theater" to the "Globe," but they must also have relapsed periodically into cruder methods whenever they returned, during the years before 1600, from the "Rose" or "Globe" to the "Curtain." If true, this is highly interesting, but proof is lacking both for the conclusion and for the premises. Did the "Theater" and "Curtain" have movable stages? Did movability of stage necessarily involve difference in the shape of the tiring-house facade and consequently in the position of the stage entrances?

Another striking statement, for which one would like to have Mr. Lawrence quote satisfactory evidence, is his remark concerning the "remoteness and obscurity" of the inner stage, "*which almost invariably demanded the bringing in of lights at the commencement of all inner scenes*" (pp. 6, 7). The four cases cited in the footnote, where lights are called for by the nature of the scene, certainly prove no such practice. Moreover, would not the contrast between illuminated back scenes and unlighted front scenes, if any authority for the practice could be found, rather serve to emphasize the separate identity of front-stage and rear-stage, which Mr. Lawrence, as a hard and fast opponent of "alternation," rigidly denies?

Mr. Lawrence's discussion of title and locality boards is, on the whole, excellent; but his solemn treatment of the alternative play titles at the beginning of "Wily Beguiled" and "The Knight of the Burning Pestle" (pp. 51, 52) seems much ado about nothing. Surely, nobody in the audience can have seriously expected to see "Spectrum" or "The London Merchant." The false titles were brought in with the privacy of the audience, in the one instance as a humorous gibe at the much-acted "Spectrum," in the other for the purpose of motivating the outburst of the Grocer and his wife.

In the paper just alluded to, and in the final section of the book, the author treats very well the essential principles of multiple setting, but grows vague in his deductions as to the extent to which multiple setting obtained on the public stage. "One has only to make minute examination of the constructive system of Lyly," he



says (p. 59), "to become convinced that the multiple setting held sway at court for more than a score of years after the erection of the Theater and the Curtain (*i. e.*, till after 1596)." Later on, Mr. Lawrence contends very plausibly that Lyly's early court plays (produced *circa* 1580-86) were acted according to the multiple setting principle (p. 237*ff.*). But does he really mean that this principle held sway "more than a score of years after the erection of the first theatres"; that is, till after Shakespeare's company had begun to carry their plays regularly from the "Theater" and the "Globe" to the court? If Mr. Lawrence means this, proof would be most desirable.

Similar vagueness appears in the discussion of the first Blackfriars stage, where it should be remembered in fairness that Mr. Lawrence is writing in haste and without the benefit of Professor Wallace's very informative recent book on "The Evolution of the English Drama up to Shakespeare." Starting with the bold assumption that "all the court plays of the period, excepting pastorals, were provided with scenery of the multiple order" (p. 235), Mr. Lawrence infers that plays must necessarily have been similarly rehearsed at the Blackfriars. Yet, as the multiple scenery was court property, returnable after the royal performance, he suggests that all subsequent representations at Blackfriars would follow the practice of the public stage. Surely, it is unlikely that a particular play would be acted in the same theatre by the same company before the same type of audience in one manner previous to a specific date and in an utterly different manner after.

It is not with the idea of convicting Mr. Lawrence of ignorance or carelessness that these few instances out of a large number have been brought up. The rest of the learned world shares Mr. Lawrence's uncertainties, and all writers on the subject have not been as frank as he in avowing the weak places in their reasoning. The fact is that what we know at present of the early court, private, and public stages immediately prior to Shakespeare is quite insufficient to support the amount of pure conjecture involved in any of the prevailing theories. To concentrate upon the real fundamentals of Elizabethan staging, as manifested in the earliest and simplest theatres, the attention now roaming rather aimlessly over the entire pre-Restoration epoch might set investigation firmly on its feet.

A few careless expressions and misprints mar the neatness of Mr. Lawrence's volume. Atten-

tion is likely to be drawn particularly to the amusing misuse of italic type by which the Boswell-Malone Variorum Shakespeare is regularly alluded to as Malone's *Shakespeare by Boswell*. Of "Shakespeare by Bacon" we have all heard more than enough, but "Shakespeare by Boswell" strikes one as a delicious innovation.

C. F. TUCKER BROOKE.

#### CHINA AFTER THE REVOLUTION.\*

Not even the new era dawning for the Balkan States is of so great moment to the human race as is the emergence of China from mediæval backwardness into modern aspirations, and her institution of a republican government. Friends of liberty and progress everywhere will share, indeed, in the triumphs of liberty and progress in southeastern Europe, and will spare but little sympathy to the losing Turk, yet the rise of the Balkan States adds no distinctly new element to world civilization. Japan, on the other hand, brought into later nineteenth-century world culture an individual contribution, not only Japanese, but Asiatic; and the great empire now following the lead of Japan will, presumably, offer to the family of nations perplexities and gifts, not simply characteristic and unique, but also Asiatic. Since it is to be hoped that the world culture of the later twentieth century will be enriched by the equal blending of elements from the two hemispheres, the revolution in China is therefore of the utmost significance.

China's first steps along her present untried path are being watched by all the world, but not by all with like interest. Not even yet is the possibility of the partition of the old empire banished from the thought of certain European chancelleries, and it is scarcely cynical to believe that some of the Great Powers secretly rejoice at every sign of weakness, and regret every omen of success in her present endeavor. Whatever be the attitude of other nations, however, our own can scarcely be less than friendly. We have nothing to gain by China's failure, and much to hope from her success. Moreover, she is paying us the flattering tribute of at least partial imitation, and much of her present mo-

\*SUN YAT SEN AND THE AWAKENING OF CHINA. By James Cantlie, M.A., and C. Sheridan Jones. Illustrated. New York: Fleming H. Revell Co.

RECENT EVENTS AND PRESENT POLICIES IN CHINA. By J. O. P. Bland. Illustrated. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Co.

THE CHINESE REVOLUTION. By Arthur Judson Brown. New York: Student Volunteer Movement.

mentum in the reform movement is the result of American education imparted to her youth both here and in China. Indeed, in spite of the uncertainties that yet strew her path, many Americans marvel that our government still delays to recognize the Republic.

These uncertainties are varied and serious. China consists not only of the eighteen provinces, but also of four great dependencies, loosely knit at best to the Middle Kingdom—a total area one-third larger than all Europe. To institute a novel form of government for the hundreds of millions of her people and yet hold these vast dependencies to their allegiance is a task of the greatest magnitude. Even without foreign foes, it would be almost impossible except by means of a great army, and that China does not possess. Nor is she without foes. Japan covets South Manchuria; Russia is greedy for North Manchuria, Mongolia, and Turkestan; England will not stand by and see Thibet fall into Russian hands.

Moreover, China is internally weak. She lacks railroads, revenue, and an army. Her administration has not yet proved its capacity for handling the vast sums needed for internal development, and she cannot, therefore, borrow money for the development of her wonderfully rich resources without submitting to foreign supervision. Such supervision may lead to riots and even the secession of provinces. At this critical juncture, when the old sanctions of Confucianism and the monarchy are destroyed, no new sanctions have been created upon which she may implicitly rely to hold her populace loyal, through severe tests, to the new government. Her internal problems accentuate the seriousness of the dangers which threaten from without.

Friends of China who watch eagerly for every sign of hope will find much to encourage them and much to discourage in three recent books. The favorable view of China's prospects is presented in Messrs. Cantlie and Jones's "Sun Yat Sen and the Awakening of China," and in Dr. Brown's "The Chinese Revolution"; the unfavorable in Mr. Bland's "Recent Events and Present Policies in China."

The first of these books comprises a rather heterogeneous list of topics. A sketch of the character and career of Dr. Sun, together with certain other chapters, was written by Dr. Cantlie, former teacher of Dr. Sun at the Hongkong Medical School and his intimate friend for the past twenty years; the rest of the book was written by Mr. Sheridan Jones. The latter

writer gives an altogether encouraging account of the great moral crusade in China, the fight against opium. The statistics advanced to prove that China has combatted the gigantic opium evil with vigor and at great sacrifice to the government in revenue, and that British India has actually drawn a larger revenue, because of the rise in prices, from her greatly reduced export of opium, are indeed impressive. Likewise impressive is the forecast of China's future as a military power. The writer believes in the strength and efficiency of the new army of China, and maintains that the Republic will differ from the monarchy in nothing more strikingly than in the changed attitude toward the soldier, a change destined to mean eventually an enormous standing army. Will China in the near future require Japan and Russia to evacuate Manchuria? Mr. Jones believes she may.

The value of Mr. Jones's prophecies depends largely upon the quality of China's present leadership, and as to this both Mr. Jones and Dr. Cantlie are agreed. The former speaks with assurance of the reformed bench of China, as consisting of an "unexceptionable personnel," and Dr. Cantlie holds Sun Yat Sen up to the world as a man of unique gifts and powers. According to Dr. Cantlie's first-hand sketch, Sun possesses remarkable magnetism, both with individuals and with audiences. His temper is pacific, his disposition remarkably unselfish, his interests very diverse, and his devotion to China absolute. Interesting incidents from his picturesque career serve to vivify the sketch and leave a very favorable impression of Sun as a man of ability and courage and a peculiarly sincere patriot. His power over men, the result of an open and generous nature, appears quite extraordinary. As to his statesmanship, Dr. Cantlie furnishes little evidence, since in this Sun is as yet untried. One is compelled to remark, moreover, that Dr. Cantlie largely defeats his own end by a certain lack of restraint and an undue laudation of his hero. Dr. Sun as the saviour of the Republic would be more reassuring if he were depicted as not quite so angelic.

This lack of restraint contrasts unfavorably with the exceptional scholarship and thoroughness of Mr. Bland's discussion of China's problems, a discussion giving an altogether adverse view of her prospects. Joint author with Mr. Backhouse of "China under the Empress Dowager," Mr. Bland is eminently qualified to discuss the political, economic, and social conditions in the Empire, and his entire treatment is gratifying in its thoroughness and acumen. The his-

tory of the new movement in China, the Young China party, Cantonese leadership, the policies of each of the Great Powers, international political finances,—these topics are treated with unusual ability and thoroughness of grasp. The selfish policies of European nations toward China, the shrewdness of Japan's far-seeing designs, the reckless extravagance of Russian ambition are exposed unsparingly—and, one feels, with undue pessimism. Mr. Bland has great respect for the people of China, but little respect for their leaders. His analysis of the unrest goes back to the fundamental cause,—the pressure of population on the means of subsistence, the philoprogenitiveness of the Chinese race; and yet, though convincing as an explanation of one phase of the uprising, this analysis leaves out of account secondary causes too important to be omitted. He feels this to be a blind movement of the hungry masses, and in his eyes those who have taken the lead in this movement are only a new type of the ancient Chinese revolutionist, and they are already displaying the worst traits of the greedy mandarin. The people are in the hands of ambitious and place-seeking leaders, devoid of sobriety, and wholly wanting in moral and religious depth and restraint. He foresees a brief life for the Republic, though he thinks the restored monarchy or the despotism sure to follow will be modified for the better through the aspirations voiced in the temporary Republic.

One questions whether Mr. Bland has not been too long in close and unfortunate contact with the old Chinese officialdom to view with open mind the present seemingly novel phenomena in Chinese politics. No one who has any acquaintance with the younger generation of Chinese will fail to recall men whose ability and patriotism inspire great confidence. It is wholly possible that the effervescence of youthful enthusiasms, which to Mr. Bland indicate a heady, volatile, and unstable leadership, will leave behind the substantial Chinese virtues of common sense and reverence for law, to guide the nation through its crisis. Though possessing unusual value as a scholarly study, the discussion is too deeply tinged with pessimism to be convincing.

Such an impression of Mr. Bland's unfavorable prepossession is strengthened by the perusal of Dr. Brown's "The Chinese Revolution." After describing briefly the outbreak and background of the revolution, Dr. Brown discusses concisely the various influences that have prepared the way for this outbreak,—steam and

commerce, diplomatic and warlike relations, the gradual intellectual awakening resulting from these stimuli and from Christianity and foreign education. He concludes his study with a sketch of the two foremost leaders of China, Sun and Yuan, and a forecast of the future of the Republic. Dr. Brown's tone, though sane and not lacking reserve, is strongly optimistic. He believes that moral and spiritual elements have entered largely into the making of the present situation in China, and urges the necessity of strengthening as rapidly as possible these conservative influences at this time of swift transition from the old to the new.

O. D. WANNAMAKER.

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Xenophon in his *Memorabilia* of Socrates reports the sage as saying that friendship is sustained and promoted by reading the masterpieces of old: "We turn over the recorded thoughts which the wise men of antiquity have left to us; and if we find any noble sentiment, we cull it out and rejoice to think that our friendship is strengthened thereby." Towards the close of the fifth century B. C., when Socrates may be supposed to have made this remark, the available stores of Greek literature were already sufficiently imposing. Homer and Hesiod, Archilochus and the lyric poets, the great trio of tragic dramatists, Aristophanes, the historians Herodotus and Thucydides, with others of minor note, were all in hand, and affecting the thought and life of Hellas. It was quality rather than quantity that told: little need for winnowing those treasures; and there was added the supreme advantage of not having to translate, as nothing worth translating existed outside of Greece.

For Americans and Britons of this speeding century, the treasures of Greek and Roman literature, like some other fine old things, have largely become shelved and labelled. We content ourselves with remembering the label and retaining a dim idea of the shelf—a somewhat different thing from talking "with one of

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\* THE LOEB CLASSICAL LIBRARY. Edited by T. E. Page and W. H. D. Rouse. First volumes: Philostratus's *Life of Apollonius of Tyana*, translated by F. C. Conybeare, in two volumes; Euripides, translated by Arthur S. Way, in four volumes; Terence, translated by J. Sargeant, in two volumes; Propertius, translated by H. E. Butler; Catullus, Tibullus, and the *Pervigilium Veneris*, translated by F. W. Cornish, J. P. Postgate, and J. W. Mackail. New York: The Macmillan Co.



Plutarch's men." Emerson in one place contends for the use of translations; in another, he says: "When a thought of Plato becomes a thought to me, time is no more." To be consistent, he must have taken his Plato *via* Jowett; but as the same Emerson elsewhere pleads for inconsistency as the real jewel, we may fall back on the assurance that he got as much training in the Greek language as the early nineteenth century afforded.

However this may be, it must be with some sense of interest, pleasure, and gratitude that thoughtful men up and down the land have heard of the purpose of Mr. James Loeb, the well-known banker, to stay the slow progress of oblivion that seemed waiting on the classic literatures by subsidizing the publication of translations of the great and less great Greek and Roman writers, from Homer down to the fall of Constantinople. To the undertaking of his praiseworthy enterprise Mr. Loeb was impelled by his own enthusiasm for classical subjects and the encouragement of M. Salomon Reinach; and for its supervision he has called in the aid of an advisory board, including such names as Edward M. Capps of Princeton, William G. Hale of Chicago, John Williams White of Harvard, Maurice Croiset of Paris, Otto Crusius of Munich, Hermann Diels of Berlin, J. G. Frazer of Cambridge, A. D. Godley of Oxford, and Sir J. E. Sandys. The immediate editors of the series are Dr. T. E. Page, formerly of the Charterhouse school in London, and Dr. W. H. D. Rouse, Litt.D., of Cambridge. For the actual work of translation, the editors have enlisted the services of recognized scholars in England, the Continent, and America. Jowett and Jebb are gone, — so, alas, are Seymour and Wright and Goodwin; but from Phillimore, Way, Postgate, and Mackail in England, W. C. Wright of Bryn Mawr, A. M. Harmon of Princeton, and Horace White of New York, something more than respectable translations may be expected. It would seem, indeed, as if the work had been triply guarded, — by translators, editors, and advisory board.

The series is to consist of about two hundred volumes, — somewhat more than a five-foot shelf, though not exhaustive of the available riches. In the selection of authors no chronological order will be followed, but the choice will be made so as to include considerable variety each year. Major and minor authors are brought out amicably together, and it is left to our latter-day acumen to determine their respective merits: Sophocles is elbowing by Philostratus, Terence

and the Apostolic Fathers have agreed together. Questions of Hellenism and Latinity are not discussed; yet, as the Greek or Latin text is placed on the opposite page from the translation, the scholar's eye will not fail of its critical office.

The chief appeal is made, of course, not to scholars, but to the college graduate who wishes to keep up his reading, and who has forgotten much of the little Latin and more of the less Greek he once was taught; and also to the intelligent layman, well-intentioned but innocent of either language. This appeal is helped out by the clear printing and neat form of the small octavos. The Latin volumes are bound in red cloth and the Greek in dark green. For the size, the price seems a little high.

Philostratus of Lemnos (*circa* 175–200 A.D.) gained the favor of the learned empress Julia Domna, consort of Septimius Severus, and was persuaded by her to write the life of the sage and wonder-worker Apollonius of Tyana. As Apollonius had been dead about a century, there had been time for a fine haze of legend and tradition to gather round his name. During a long life — largely peripatetic — spent in visiting Persia, Babylon, India, Egypt, and the Hellenic world generally, he wandered and preached and wrought miracles, spoke boldly before kings and emperors, narrowly escaped death from Nero and later from Domitian, and finally died peacefully under Nerva. Philostratus is thought to have exploited the career of Apollonius as a kind of counter-blast to that of Jesus; but there seems little reason to believe this. The narrative, in eight books and broken into small chapters, is most entertaining; and suggests an Herodotus of the third Christian century, though of course lacking the historic substance. The translation, by Mr. F. C. Conybeare, is generally spirited and good; although there are occasional infelicities and a few "Briticisms."

For Euripides, the editors have wisely chosen to reproduce the fine verse-translation of Dr. Arthur S. Way, which has been admired by scholars and used by literary clubs for the past eighteen years. Dr. Way has thoroughly revised his former translation of the nineteen plays (he takes the "Rhesus" as genuine) with the "two especial aims of closer fidelity to the original and greater lucidity in expression." The Greek text of this edition is eclectic, being based on the soundest conclusions of previous editors and critics. The fresh virginal page is retained, with almost no footnotes on readings. In the excellent short introduction on Euripides, Dr. Way

gives us the following bit of comparative characterization:

"Æschylus sets forth the operation of *great principles*, especially of the certainty of divine retribution and of the persistence of sin as an ineradicable plague-spot. He believes and trembles. Sophocles depicts *great characters*; he ignores the malevolence of destiny and the persistent power of evil; to him 'man is man and master of his fate.' He believes with unquestioning faith. Euripides propounds *great moral problems*; he analyzes human nature, its instincts, its passions, its motives; he voices the cry of the human soul against the tyranny of the supernatural, the selfishness and cruelty of man, the crushing weight of environment. He questions: 'he will not make his judgment blind.'"

Among the Latin authors thus far selected for translation, one volume is devoted to the elegies of Propertius, whose four books have been done into English prose by Mr. H. E. Butler, of the University of London. The work has been carefully executed, his close adhesion to the Latin text being chosen by the translator even where, in his own words, "a free paraphrase would have been in many ways preferable."

A single volume, also, garners the riches of Catullus, whose 116 poems and fragments are translated by Mr. F. W. Cornish, the Vice-provost of Eton; of Tibullus, whose three books of elegiacs have found a scholarly interpreter in Professor J. P. Postgate; and of the little poem which has come down to us under the name of the *Pervigilium Veneris*. The two Latin poets are well known to all scholars and lovers of the *genus lyricum*; and it is safe to say that these two translations will widely and permanently extend the circle of their admirers. The *Pervigilium*, however, is a less familiar name even to the classically disposed reader. Its twenty-two quatrains, with their haunting refrain, exist in two MSS., one of the seventh, the other of the ninth century; but its original date, authorship, and provenance are alike unknown. Professor J. W. Mackail, the translator, has given to the title the felicitous English equivalent "The Eve of St. Venus"; and has done for the unknown poet of the fourth century a service worthy of being compared with that of FitzGerald for Omar. Though nominally composed as an official piece for the *trinoclum* or popular festival of Venus, Professor Mackail finds fantasy its prevailing motive, "a summons which evokes imaginative associations, and sets the rhythm of poetry in movement round nature and history, love and life." He regards the poem as the beginning of the romantic movement. "All the motives of the old classical poetry survive, yet all have undergone a new

birth. . . . Poetry has gone back to childhood; and has recovered, as though for one fleeting moment and by the spell of a capricious enchanter, the key of spring, the freshness of morning, the innocence of youth." The opening line is used both as introduction and as refrain for the hastening trochaic stanzas that follow; one of which, with Professor Mackail's prose-poetic version, may serve as an alluring specimen of the whole:

"Cras amet qui nunquam amavit quique amaviteras amet:  
ver novum, ver jam canorum, ver renatus orbis est;  
vere concordant amores, vere nubunt alites,  
et nemus comam resolvit de maritis imbribus.

Cras amet qui nunquam amavit quique amavit  
cras amet."

"Tomorrow shall be love for the loveless, and for the lover tomorrow shall be love. Spring is young, spring now is singing, spring is the world reborn. In spring the loves make accord, in spring the birds mate, and the woodland looses her tresses under nuptial showers.

Tomorrow shall be love for the loveless, and for the lover tomorrow shall be love."

Four of the six extant plays of Terence, produced in the middle of the second century B.C., were frank adaptations of the comedies of the Greek poet Menander, chief representative of the third period of Attic comedy—the "comedy of manners," which has remained to the present time the "*jus et norma loquendi*" of this form of drama. The translator, Mr. J. Sargeaunt, in his introduction, defends Terence from the charge of sameness in plot and characters by the natural observation that nothing else could be expected from plays dealing with "a single epoch in a city (Athens) where life went easily and great events had ceased to occur." This recalls Mommsen's words in speaking of the New Attic comedy:

"The pieces are of tiresome monotony. Almost without exception the plot turns on helping a young man, at the expense either of his father or some *leno* to obtain possession of a sweetheart of undoubted charms and of very doubtful morals. Love or amorous intrigue was the very life-breath of the Menandrian poetry. . . . Persons and situations recur down to the very details like patterns on a carpet; we never get rid of the asides of unseen listeners, of knocking at the house-doors, and of slaves scouring the streets on some errand or other."

The charge against Terence that he is not Plautus is also—perhaps unnecessarily—refuted by Mr. Sargeaunt by pointing to the obvious fact that the Terentian comedy is intentionally sentimental, and that boisterous Plautine humor would be misplaced. He fortifies this position by an apt reference to modern literature: "There is a likeness between Miss Bates and Mrs. Nickleby. We laugh louder at

Mrs. Nickleby, but Miss Bates is more true to life." The stage directions, which of course are wanting in the Latin original, are supplied from the copy made for the Westminster boys' plays in London, and add much to the interest and usefulness of the translation. The version does not lack sprightliness; by-words and colloquialisms are supplied from copious modern British stores: e.g., "By Jove" for *ercle*, "Lor me" for *ecastor*, "Simple Simon" for *miser*, "Lord, Lord" for *ei mihi*, and so on.

JOSIAH RENICK SMITH.

#### RECENT CONTRIBUTIONS TO THE LITERATURE OF EDUCATION.\*

It is worthy of remark that many persons with fine literary feeling and skill seem to approach the discussion of educational problems in a pessimistic mood. Usually they appear to be entirely out of sympathy with contemporary educational theory and practice. They praise the ideals of bygone ages; they deplore the degeneracy of the present; they prophesy disaster for the future. And still some of these writers present sane views of the educational process. All this is true of the volume entitled "A Valiant Woman." As one reads it, one is apt to feel despondent at times when the author points out what is regarded as the pathetic condition into which modern education has fallen. But at other times one feels hopeful and enthusiastic, when the author depicts high ideals, and indicates what could be accomplished if we were rational and sincere in our treatment of the problems of studies, methods, and discipline. The anonymous author is apparently very well versed in educational classics, but seems to be entirely unfamiliar with present-day scientific writing on educational themes. He (or she) speaks in utter contempt of all "pedagogy," and then goes on to quote a large part of the classic writings upon which modern "pedagogy" is founded. He condemns the study of the child mind

and of educational methods, but devotes most of the book to depicting child nature and methods of teaching in a keen, sane, and delightful manner. The "valiant woman" was a teacher, who early came into the life of the author. In the first chapter are depicted her characteristics and her methods in managing an ungraded school in a Middle Western community. The author first shows that everything that had been done before her time was wrong,—the teaching was crude, formal, mechanical, verbal. But this woman introduced fresh methods. She made her work concrete and vital, so that it was attractive to the pupils. She was plain of dress and of features, but noble in intellect and magnanimous in spirit. The chief virtue of the book is that it presents sound educational principles in an unusually virile and attractive style. If the author had not permitted his sensibilities to be irritated by imperfections (many of them imaginary) in the world around him, and if he had been more largely constructive without decrying the tendencies of the times, his work would be signally distinguished among modern educational books. But even with its imperfections, it is a contribution of merit,—not because it offers anything new, but because it presents in a captivating way many of the views and principles which all present-day leaders are striving to get adopted in our educational system.

Professor William Lyon Phelps, of Yale, is thoroughly optimistic about the whole business of education. He is himself very fond of teaching. He says he would rather teach than do anything else he can think of. He derives inspiration from give-and-take experiences with his students in the classroom. Unquestionably he knows how to awaken interest in the subject he teaches—English literature—and he is never bored by the duties of the classroom. According to him, there is no dull routine in teaching when one is *en rapport* with subject and students. Indeed, to him there is "no profession more exciting, more stirring, more thrilling than teaching." Professor Phelps's book is considerably more intimate than the majority of works upon this subject. It is concrete, specific, and practical throughout. Many faults in teaching are indicated, but never in a mood of despair. Professor Phelps thinks that teaching to-day, in colleges especially, is very much better than it was formerly, with which opinion the reviewer heartily agrees. Persons who have not had technical training in educational sciences can read Professor Phelps's book with pleasure. Not having studied educational theory, the author is not tempted to use specific terms, which, while more precise than the terms of every-day speech, are nevertheless not attractive to some readers. There is good cause for rejoicing when a man who is master of clear and graceful English, who is genuinely honest and sincere, and who is a "born teacher," writes on the problems of the classroom; for he can appeal to the novice and to the man of the world as a student of the sciences underlying education usually cannot, because the latter con-

\* A VALIANT WOMAN. A Contribution to the Educational Problem. By M. F. New York: Thomas Y. Crowell Co.

TEACHING IN SCHOOL AND COLLEGE. By William Lyon Phelps. New York: The Macmillan Co.

THE NORMAL CHILD AND PRIMARY EDUCATION. By Arnold L. Gesell and Beatrice Chandler Gesell. Boston: Ginn & Co.

GENETIC PHILOSOPHY OF EDUCATION. By G. E. Partidge. New York: Sturgis & Walton Co.

PRINCIPLES OF EDUCATIONAL PRACTICE. By Paul Klapper. New York: D. Appleton & Co.

THE EVOLUTION OF EDUCATIONAL THEORY. By John Adams. New York: The Macmillan Co.

EDUCATION. A First Book. By Edward L. Thorndike. New York: The Macmillan Co.

A QUARTER CENTURY OF PUBLIC SCHOOL DEVELOPMENT. By W. H. Maxwell. New York: American Book Co.

BETTER SCHOOLS. By B. C. Gregory. Edited by James L. Hughes. New York: The Macmillan Co.



stantly feels the necessity of using terms which have come to have specific meanings for those who are specialists in the fields in which he works.

Mr. and Mrs. Gesell have written an interesting volume on the training of young children. The authors are scientists in the best sense of the term. They have studied biology, evolution, and modern physiological and experimental psychology. They have also dealt directly with children, and have made numerous experiments in order to throw light upon some of the complex and peculiar traits of the character and abilities of children. Unlike much of the study of children of recent times, the authors have confined their attention to the normal child. This does not mean that they think it possible exactly to define a "normal" child. They do not attempt to mark off precisely the normal from other kinds of children, and it is well that they do not worry over this problem. They say that of the (approximately) 17,000,000 children in the public schools of this country, only a small percentage are in special classes for the backward and the defective, and that the rest may be considered as "normal." While this lacks precision, it is nevertheless the proper point of view to take in discussing the traits, abilities, and needs of the normal child. The book summarizes in an attractive way a considerable amount of modern science relating to child nature and child development. It is not an easy task, as anyone knows who has ever tried it, to present biological, evolutionary, and psychological sciences in dynamic and at the same time attractive English; but the authors have succeeded in this in a large measure. Teachers of young children, even those who have not had much training in the biological sciences, might read this book with genuine pleasure and certainly with profit.

There are some persons who claim that they cannot easily read President G. Stanley Hall's books, because of the bigness of his words and the complex character of his sentences. For this reason, doubtless, Mr. G. E. Partridge has thought it advisable to present his writings in a denatured form for the "average reader." President Hall has himself endorsed this enterprise, and has said that Mr. Partridge has done his work well. The latter has certainly simplified the English of the original, and has undoubtedly managed in a skilful way to give his chief's views on a great number of psychological and educational problems of present-day interest. President Hall has been a leader among educators for twenty years at least. He has discussed practically every question of general educational interest during this period. He has played a very important part in initiating reforms in teaching based upon biological and psychological principles. His views have been presented in several books and in a great number of magazine articles and addresses; and it has been Mr. Partridge's work to digest all these, to get at the substance of each, and to present this substance in as simple terms as he could. The book is designed for the layman, and for the novice in teaching who would not venture to read Hall in the orig-

inal. The only fault the present reviewer can find with the book is that it seems a little monotonous; but probably this defect could not be avoided,—the author was compelled to confine himself to summaries and condensations.

Many writers seem to find it impossible to treat the subject of education logically and comprehensively without being rather formal and schematic. But Professor Paul Klapper has achieved a large measure of success in avoiding this danger. He has discussed the meaning and function of education, and the physiological, sociological, intellectual, emotional, and volitional aspects of education as a process of perfecting adjustment to one's environment. He has produced a substantial volume, and a useful one. Its purpose is not to present new data for a science of education, but rather to organize existing data derived from the various sciences, and to show how they relate to problems of educational values and methods. This is now a favorite task of educational writers; they approach their subject from the standpoint of biological, evolutionary, sociological, and psychological science. Professor Klapper reveals a familiarity with as much of these sciences as seems to bear upon the problems of making a curriculum, presenting studies effectively, and organizing and disciplining a school properly. In an older day, educational writers assumed that the aim of education was to impart culture to the individual, or to discipline his mental faculties, or to develop his character, or to prepare him for earning his daily bread, or otherwise. But more recently students of education have been taking the view that the chief concern of a human being is to adjust himself harmoniously to his social and physical environment, and the whole business of education is to assist him in accomplishing this in the most complete and effective way possible. Professor Klapper takes this view of the educational process. But adjustment means to him not so much that the individual should adapt himself to the world as he finds it at any time or place, as that he should transform it to minister to his needs. While the book deals with rather heavy subjects, and its logical completeness may cause the novice to suspect that it is not adapted to his needs, nevertheless the principles are presented in a simple and direct way, with only slight use of technical terms. The author has a happy manner of illustrating his discussions with concrete examples, which will help the general reader and the novice to comprehend what is being discussed, and also to enjoy it. At the same time, the book is designed primarily for the student, the one who has leisure to study the whole subject of education, and who can do considerable parallel reading on the side. It is essentially a text-book. References are given at the end of each chapter to the most approved literature relating to the topics considered, and there is a good index at the close.

Professor John Adams has set himself a difficult task in tracing the evolution of educational theory. The purpose of Professor Klapper's book, mentioned

above, is to present current theory and the scientific principles upon which it is based; but Professor Adams takes us back into the ancient world, and even into pre-historic times, and shows us what the people of that remote era thought about education. His book is philosophical, not practical. He ranks education as one branch of philosophy, and he treats it as such. He has read widely in philosophical literature, and he has quoted from it freely. While it is not his aim to introduce the reader to modern views in any detail, nevertheless he shows that he is in sympathy with many fundamental tendencies in contemporary education. The various theories of education are grouped into the naturalistic, the idealistic, and the mechanistic types. While this grouping is open to criticism, it is nevertheless of service in classifying the great variety of theories that have been proposed by educational writers. Professor Adams endorses the naturalistic revolt against the conventionality and formalism which once dominated the educational world, and which still linger in some places. At the same time, he does not go to such lengths as does Rousseau in exalting Nature, making her the sole arbiter of educational curricula and methods. His book does not aim to be critical so much as descriptive, so that a great deal of material is presented without much comment. Professor Adams can, when he wishes to do so, make use of a spirited and brilliant style, as he has shown in some of his previous books. In the work before us, however, he has chosen to employ a somewhat heavy style, in which technical terms are used frequently, and in which no liberties are taken with direct presentation of data. It is a book for the serious-minded student of educational philosophy. The general reader and the novice will probably not bring enough to the reading of the book to find it absorbing. It will make a useful text, to be worked through rather leisurely and in a thoroughgoing manner.

There are certain fundamental principles of educational aims, values, and methods which are accepted to-day by all serious students of education in America. For the most part these principles have been worked out from the standpoints of modern psychology, biology, and sociology. Professor Edward L. Thorndike has played an important rôle in the development of these elementary principles. His approach to education has been from the standpoint of what one might call a psychological naturalist. His latest book is written from this point of view. His purpose is to discuss in the simplest way possible many of the problems in which educational people are interested to-day. He writes as one who is master of his subject, and who does not need to exhibit his learning in the use of technical terms or in a grand and formal style. The book reminds one of William James's "Talks to Teachers"; Professor Thorndike talks on education in much the same informal but helpful manner, so that even the novice may comprehend and enjoy what he writes. The volume is characterized not alone by simplicity, but also by a lack of positive dogmatic statements. There

are two sides to every question in modern education. As a rule, Professor Thorndike presents in brief the arguments on both sides, and then suggests what is probably the right attitude for the teacher to take. The teacher who appropriates the contents of this book will understand modern tendencies in educational theory and practice, but he will not be too dogmatic in his beliefs.

Recently Mr. William H. Maxwell of New York celebrated the twenty-fifth anniversary of his work as a superintendent. In commemoration of this event, a committee collected and edited a large number of his reports and addresses, and these are now published in book form. They indicate the prominent part Mr. Maxwell has played in the improvements which have been introduced into the public school system of America during the last quarter of a century. They deal with a great variety of interesting and important topics. The hand of the practical superintendent is apparent in them all. He has been charged with tremendous responsibilities in administering great systems of schools, first in Brooklyn and afterward in Greater New York. But while primarily an administrator, he has also been a student of educational principles and educational progress. "A Quarter Century of Public School Development" is practically a *résumé* of what has been accomplished in the schools of America during the past twenty-five years. Mr. Maxwell has been on the firing line all the time. He is a progressive who has been compelled to lead a great community to see the necessity for educational reform, and to make such reform feasible in an exceedingly complicated system of schools. This book will be illuminating to the layman who has not kept in touch with educational development during the past quarter of a century, and it will also be of interest to teachers who are not familiar with the reforms wrought in school work during the past twenty-five years.

Like the preceding book, Mr. B. C. Gregory's "Better Schools" is written from the point of view of the superintendent who is charged with administering a system of schools, and who is concerned solely with securing definite results from the teaching. The seventeen chapters in this book originally appeared in whole or in part as letters written for a newspaper in the city in which Mr. Gregory was chief educational officer. The purpose of these letters is to interpret the aims and methods of the public schools for the people of the community, and so the volume is unusually direct, concrete, and practical. Mr. Gregory attempts to justify the up-to-date curriculum of the elementary schools, and the means and methods of presenting studies to children of different ages. The principles underlying his curriculum and his methods are not essentially different from those presented in the books by Professor Thorndike, Professor Partridge, Professor Klapper, Professor Adams, and Professor and Mrs. Gesell. Mr. Gregory presents his views for the most part in clear, intelligible, and attractive English.

M. V. O'SHEA.

## BRIEFS ON NEW BOOKS.

*Chapters from  
the romance  
of invention.*

A warm appreciation of the noble work done by our great inventors, and an unusually clear understanding of the technical details of that work, are shown by Mr. George Hes in his excellent book on "Leading American Inventors" (Holt), which appears in the series of "Biographies of Leading Americans," edited by Professor W. P. Trent. The thirteen illustrious names in the book's table of contents are the following: John and Robert L. Stevens, Fulton, Whitney, Thomas Blanchard, Morse, Goodyear, Ericsson, McCormick, Christopher L. Sholes, Elias Howe, Benjamin C. Tilghman, and Ottmar Mergenthaler. It will be seen that no living inventor is included in the list. The amount of new information collected by the author gives his book special value and interest; and the manner in which each life-drama is presented arrests and holds the reader's attention. Most moving of all the biographies is that of Goodyear, of India-rubber renown. Long years of persistent experiment and diminishing health and resources preceded the final discovery of vulcanization, without which rubber gum is about as useless for manufacturing purposes as so much tar. Goodyear at the lowest ebb of his fortunes is thus pictured for us: "Here, indeed, stood a hero, unsustained by the excitement and pomp of a battlefield, continuing a fight as faithfully as ever did an enlisted champion. Day after day, cold and hungry in a dingy room, he kept up his tests of new compounds, sustained as firmly as if he distinctly beheld what the next few months would unfold to his view." As an instance of original research on the author's part, we may cite his unearthing of what appears to be the earliest record of the action of sand discharged in a jet of steam. It was Tilghman's chance witnessing of this accidental sand-blast that led him to perfect the process now so important in many industries. Illustrations and diagrams elucidate the technical parts of the book, and portraits and other pictorial accompaniments add to its interest.

*Fanny Burney  
as a royal  
maid of honor.*

It is less than a year ago that we reviewed Professor Tinker's interesting compilation of those passages in the diary and letters of Fanny Burney which relate to the association and intimate friendship of that vivacious and fascinating young lady and the always formidable, but in this instance the captivated and docile, Doctor Johnson. The next episode in this sprightly creature's rather notable career is now attractively set forth in a new work by Miss Constance Hill, entitled "Fanny Burney at the Court of Queen Charlotte" (John Lane Co.). This book constitutes a link between two other volumes by the same author: "The House in St. Martin Street" and "Juniper Hall." All of these books draw their material mainly from the famous diary and letters of Madame D'Arblay—a work so voluminous that the modern reader, even if not repelled

by the old-fashioned formality of the title itself, is hardly likely to seek an introduction to "little Burney," charming though she is, through such a bulky medium. Miss Hill gives a complete and fairly definite narrative of Fanny's experience at court. Her picture of the royal household is a pleasing one. The gracious qualities of good Queen Charlotte are intimately described, the little princesses appear most winsome, and George III. is presented in a very amiable light. The horrid Mrs. Schwellenberg, first lady of the wardrobe,— "Cerbera," as Fanny nicknamed her,—appears in colors appropriate to her reputation. If it had not been for *her* vixenish temper, Miss Burney's experiences as maid of honor might have been happy enough in spite of the strenuous programme and the tedious hours of her official position. It is impossible to read any of Fanny Burney's letters without being impressed by her dramatic skill in narrative: she vivifies every scene. Fanny herself, of course, is the interesting figure always, and she easily holds the centre of the stage. She is engagingly *naïve*, though we wonder sometimes if her uncontrollable diffidence is not more or less a pose; and we are justified, no doubt, in attributing the "sensibility" which she displays—and laughs at so heartily in others—to the sentimentalism of that period. Miss Hill gives some prominence to the incident of Warren Hastings's impeachment, and presents us with a dramatic picture of that famous trial in one of the most vivid chapters in the book. The illustrations are numerous and effective. Incidentally we note an odd mistake in the mention of "John Adam [*sic*], one of the founders of the Republic [the United States], and its first Envoy to the British Court."

*Hunting with  
the camera.*

That wilderness sport may be genuine without being bloodthirsty, is evidenced in Mr. A. R. Dugmore's "Wild Life and the Camera" (Lippincott), which recounts the successes (not without difficulties surmounted) which have rewarded the author's persistent efforts to record on photographic plates the forms and actions of beast and bird of our forests and streams. The book is a collection of essays portraying in so entertaining a manner the charms of this humane form of hunting that it is to be hoped it may be effective in turning many devotees of the rifle and shot-gun from these weapons of destruction to the camera. From his long and varied experience the author tells us of his success in taming and photographing bluebirds, chickadees, warblers, vireos, woodcock, mallards, geese, and the whistling swan, and of his efforts to photograph the porcupine and opossum. Other chapters recount his fishing adventures with the sea-trout in New Brunswick, the salmon in Newfoundland, the yellowtail off Catalina Island, and the golden trout in the High Sierras. All lovers of the gentle art of angling will rejoice in Mr. Dugmore's too brief account of the superb attractions of the Kern River region, and the glori-



ous sport to be had there with the golden trout, which in point of beauty easily holds the palm against all competitors among the fresh water fish of America. Some minor statements in the text of this chapter challenge the attention of those familiar with the Sierras: for example, that no horse of the plains could do the work of the "mountain ponies," when as a matter of fact these latter are drafted every summer from the valley. Again, the author states that the golden trout is found in but one stream, and that it seldom weighs over half a pound; whereas it has for years been distributed among a number of streams and lakes in the Mt. Whitney region, and records of not less than four pounds are known. The use of the term "median" for "lateral" line will trouble ichthyologists, and "lupin" for "lupine" will distress all lovers of these beautiful treasures of blue. "San Louis Bay" for "San Luis Rey" and *Salmo iridens* for *Salmo irideus* are doubtless typographical oversights; but "St. Joachim" for "San Joaquin" violates geographical, historical, and local canons of taste, and has neither custom nor euphony to defend it. The author's fine series of photographs of the migrating caribou of Newfoundland, secured on his sixth trip for the purpose, are unique and unusually interesting. His directions for bird photography, and for camping in summer and winter, will appeal to a wide range of enthusiasts; and his revelations of snow-tracks should revive pleasant memories in the hearts of all lovers of winter woods. The illustrations, consisting of fifty full-page plates, are unusually fine.

*Ante-bellum  
days in  
New Orleans.*

Since the appearance of George W. Cable's "Old Creole Days," in 1879, there has been a persistent interest in New Orleans, and a continued demand for stories, reminiscences, and serious history dealing with the life that was lived there. In many ways this interest has been met, though a second Cable has not arisen to re-work the old vein or discover a new one; and the life of the most European of American cities, at least as it was in its most romantic epoch, still appears to the world just as Cable represented it. Mrs. Eliza Ripley, in her book entitled "Social Life in Old New Orleans" (Appleton), limits herself to a description of New Orleans society in the narrower sense, and thus her work cannot compare with that of her distinguished predecessor, though it is both interesting and important, even to the serious student of history. There is a certain flavor and directness about the style that is most entertaining, reminding one of the writings of Mrs. Roger Pryor. Mrs. Ripley was a part of the life she deals with, and she loves the people, the ideals, and the antiquities of ante-bellum New Orleans quite as much as the charming Virginian writer loved her "ancient Dominion." Both of these women are pleaders of causes, but those causes were so interesting and the manners of the long-since vanquished "lords and ladies" of the old South so attractive that one never wearies of reading and re-reading their story. Still Mrs. Ripley does

not descend to mere eulogy and panegyric, though her love for the queer streets and strange ways of the "French quarter," for the unique markets, and the ever-present negro slave, often tempt her near to the border line. She delights to linger at old-fashioned places to reproduce for the reader conversations with long-forgotten people, people "of quality" whose praises she never tires of singing. Most of the old families of New Orleans, at the time when negro slaves were many and negro manners were obsequious, appear in these chapters—the Beauregards, Kennedys, Slidells, and many others. And the great balls, the elaborate wedding festivals, the whole procession of a luxurious (for that time) and thoroughly self-conscious life, are brought before the reader. Children and their ways, boarding schools, mural decorations for the great houses, steamboats and hotels, plantation life, and the sad tale of war and exile,—all have their place. There are many wood-cuts, engravings, and daguerreotypes to vivify the unconventional narrative. Though the value of the book as "source material" for the historian is somewhat weakened by the absence of actual and authenticated facts of social and political importance, there is much that will enable the discriminating student to obtain a fairly correct view of old New Orleans life in the days "before the deluge"—as many Southerners still term the war between the states.

*The fallacy  
of short  
political tenures.*

In a little book entitled "The Democratic Mistake" (Scribner), Mr. Arthur George Sedgwick, Godkin Lecturer at Harvard in 1909, attacks the old Democratic fallacy of Jefferson and his followers, that the best means of securing responsibility in government is through frequent elections and short terms. On the contrary, says Mr. Sedgwick, such a system in practice produces the machine and leads to irresponsibility and inefficiency. You cannot get a responsible man for a post involving the exercise of authority, he says, by telling him that he will be displaced by a new appointee at the end of two years. This is not the method of successful private business, and it will not work in public business. The professions of the politicians that the need of the hour is more democratization he pronounces as pure demagoguery. If frequency of elections and short terms were a safeguard against misgovernment, the people of New York would be better protected than any other people in the world, for they have annual legislative sessions, frequent elections, and there is probably no other place in the world where the people vote for so many candidates in the course of a year. But, in fact, the government of the state is, says Mr. Sedgwick, parcelled out by a close corporation, or rather two close corporations, neither of which is, in any real sense, responsible. The true theory, according to Mr. Sedgwick, is that real responsibility, the responsibility that secures efficiency, can be obtained only through security of tenure, as is the case in private business, where this practice is

of universal application. The fact is, short tenures and frequent elections have led to a breaking down of responsibility, and the way to restore it is through their opposites. Fortunately, says Mr. Sedgwick, the organization of the Federal government, in which the elective principle plays little part, rests on the true theory, and much of the success that has attended its administration is due to this. Unquestionably, the author has pointed out one of the most fallacious political ideas that has ever gained a foothold in our democracy, and his argument in favor of the principle followed in private business is logical and convincing. Thinking men everywhere will agree that the remedy he proposes is sound, and at the same time not necessarily inconsistent with the principles of true democracy.

*More of  
Mrs. Fraser's  
reminiscences.*

To the already considerable number of volumes of reminiscences written by diplomats' wives there is now added the third work of the kind from the fertile pen of Mrs. Hugh Fraser. "Reminiscences of a Diplomatist's Wife" (Dodd) fills in some of the gaps left open in "A Diplomatist's Wife in Japan" and "A Diplomatist's Wife in Many Lands." The late Hugh Fraser's duties to his government called him, first and last, to many parts of the world—to China and South America and Japan, as well as to various courts of Europe—and Mrs. Fraser enjoyed with him the advantages of this method of introduction to many social circles in many capitals. Personages of note in public life pass across her pages, and now and then a man or woman of lesser note with whom one likes to come into familiar contact gives interest to the narrative. In her latest volume Mrs. Fraser lays her scene chiefly in Italy, with the figure of her brother, Marion Crawford, much in the foreground, at his spacious seaside villa at Sorrento. England, Polish Prussia, Austria, and Chile serve also as the setting of sundry interesting pictures of the past. A sketch of Crawford's study, "that great upper room, with its many windows and its wide door leading to the terrace, which was in reality the roof of the house," is drawn in a few lines; and repeatedly the occupant of that study is exhibited in some characteristic act or utterance by the admiring sister. Portraits of Mrs. Fraser, of her husband, and of her brother are to be found in the book. The favor with which its predecessors in the series were received, and the demand for another volume, led the writer, as she tells us in her preface, to give forth this agreeable continuation of her random retrospections.

*Some towering  
personalities.*

In a new book of essays, entitled "All Manner of Folk" (Kennerley), Mr. Holbrook Jackson interprets the messages of a dozen or more modern artists and thinkers, prefacing these studies with a few essays more general in theme: "Concerning Personalities," "Lords of Whim," "Masters of Nonsense," "Of the Self-Sufficient," and "Vagabonds." These opening essays, and particularly the first two of them, serve

to suggest the dominating note of the whole book. It is personality that interests Mr. Jackson; though his subjects range from the airily brilliant Max Beerbohm and the self-sufficient Whistler, to the "suggestive heterodoxy" of Edward Carpenter, the "Americanism" of Whitman, and the Social Democracy of Henry M. Hyndman, all are united by their possession of dominating, towering personalities, and by their belief (sometimes, perhaps, unconscious) in the modern gospel of individualism. Of the "incomparable" Max Beerbohm Mr. Jackson writes: "Cleverness and brilliance are the tricks of the literary huckster, and to see only these characteristics in Max is not to see him at all. Max Beerbohm is first and foremost a personality; a point of view." Again, he says of Walt Whitman: "Whitman is more than a mere literary phenomenon: he is a symbol and a prophecy. His personality combines all that is momentous and enduring in a complex and cosmopolitan community. By his life no less than by his work, he is the interpreter and expositor of his land and race." And the essay on William Morris opens with this spirited challenge: "There are those who would separate the ideas of William Morris from his art. . . . They are not entitled to do so on the authority of William Morris. No artist appreciated better than he the interdependence of art, ideas, and affairs." It is this virile note, this insistence upon the ideas back of the art, the man behind the poems or pictures or social philosophy, that gives Mr. Jackson's criticism something of the personality and power that he looks for in the life and art he interprets, and that is winning for him friends and admirers with each new volume that he gives us. Drawings by Messrs. Joseph Simpson, Gordon Craig, Jo Davidson, J. B. Yeats, and Lovat Fraser furnish illustrations of unique interest.

*Campaigning  
with Jackson.*

The name of Stonewall Jackson in the title of a book on the Civil War is sure to awaken interest and breed a desire to make the book's nearer acquaintance. "One of Jackson's Foot Cavalry" (Neale), by Mr. John H. Worsham, makes a double claim on the reader's curiosity. Why "foot" cavalry, and what new stories of the redoubtable Confederate general may the book contain? It was the twenty-first regiment, Virginia infantry, that by its steady, compact, and rapid marching won the name of Jackson's Foot Cavalry. It formed a part of the famous Second Brigade, which saw some of the hardest service of the entire war, in the brilliant Valley Campaign, the memorable and sanguinary Seven Days' Campaign, and the Maryland Campaign. Mr. Worsham enlisted in Company F of this gallant regiment at the beginning of the war, rose by successive promotions to the adjutancy of the regiment in 1864, but was wounded and permanently disabled a week later at Winchester. His narrative is that of one viewing no extended field of military operations, but unassumingly doing the nearest duty and acquitting himself well in his allotted place.

Here is his picture of Jackson at Fredericksburg: "Gen. Jackson soon made his appearance along the line with a cavalcade of officers following him. He was dressed in a brand-new uniform, with the usual gold lace trimmings for a lieutenant general. He even had exchanged the old gray cap for a new bespangled one, and looked so unlike our 'Old Jack' that very few noticed him, and none recognized him until he had passed. Then the old accustomed cheer to him went up with unusual vigor!" The whole story of this campaigning with Jackson is well told. One would have liked to find a portrait of the author among those given, but his modesty has deprived the reader of that satisfaction.

*Songs with music  
for children  
and others.*

Delicious nonsense verses, set to charmingly original melodies, both text and music the work of Mrs. Louise Ayres Garnett, are given us in a volume of "Creature Songs," published by the Oliver Ditson Co. As if this were not enough, we are given for good measure a series of illustrative drawings, sympathetic in their humorous interpretation, by Mr. Peter Newell. One of the three aspects of this delightful book may be exhibited here:

"The Quadruped is just a beast,  
With legs at north, west, south, and east.  
Perhaps he longs to have some more,  
And yet he seems content with four.

"The Biped has a sorry lot,  
For only two legs has he got.  
He feels ashamed and hangs his head  
When'er he meets the Quadruped."

Here is another merry little quip:

"To wear a pair of Garter Snakes  
Would make me ill at ease;  
Perhaps they were created for  
The Aborigines."

A nicer book for children is not often to be found. The same publishers send us, in their "Musicians' Library," a collection of "Forty Songs by Peter Ilyitch Tchaikowsky," for high voice, edited by Mr. James Huneker, who prefaces them by a biographical and critical introduction, done in a somewhat less staccato style than is usual with this writer. "Reticent in life, in his art he overflows. No composer except Schumann tells us so much of himself. Every piece of his work is signed, and he does not hesitate to make the most astounding confessions." Of the songs, Mr. Huneker says: "He has left over a hundred lyrics, a dozen of which place him in the angelic choir led by Franz Schubert, and composed of Schumann, Robert Franz, Brahms, and Richard Strauss," which is probably not an over-statement.

*The memoirs  
of a famous  
French actress.*

The once popular French actress familiar to her host of admirers as Madame Judith, but known to her smaller circle of friends as Julie Bernat and, after her marriage, as Madame Bernard-Derosne, leaves us her anecdotal and at times amusingly frank reminiscences in an entertaining volume entitled "My Auto-

biography" (Putnam). Contemporary with Rachel, with whom she was intimate from childhood, Julie Bernat took to the stage as a duck to water, and in 1833, at the age of six, she performed a juvenile part at the Panthéon, to the vociferous delight of the students in attendance. Her formal *début* as an actress took place at Les Folies nine years later, and in 1846 she joined the Théâtre français. Some still living will recall her effective rendering of the parts of Pénélope, Alcène, Rosine, Charlotte Corday, and Mlle. Aissé. She mastered the English language sufficiently to appear on the Manchester stage with credit to herself and acceptably to her audience. The little vanities and jealousies of her profession are not unapparent in her narrative, which for that reason is probably all the more entertaining. Incidentally she makes it very plain that the great Rachel, the tragedienne whose word and gesture could thrill a houseful of entranced play-goers, was a very human and sufficiently spiteful and vindictive woman; and it is not unlikely that Rachel would have felt herself equal to the task of returning the compliment. Many famous characters of an eventful period in French history appear in Madame Judith's pages. The book is well translated by Mrs. Arthur Bell, edited by Mr. Paul G'Sell, and adorned with a frontispiece portrait of its captivating heroine.

*Memories  
of Victorian  
celebrities.*

The Scottish novelist, Mrs. L. B. Walford, whose "Recollections" appeared some years ago, has now published a by-product of that book,—"Memories of Victorian London" (Longmans). In an excessively loose and gossipy manner, she relates the social life in which, as a guest of her friend "Mary," she took part in the London that is no more; emphasizing, with good judgment, her acquaintance with men and women who are, in another way, acquaintances of the reader. Carlyle, Mrs. Carlyle, Tennyson, Ruskin, George Eliot, Millais, Darwin, Tyndall, Stanley, Oscar Wilde, and a dozen other celebrities talk, and tell stories, and look what they are, or do not look what they are, till we are so much at home that we do not wince when an "as we all know" discloses our ignorance of that day of pink gloves and balloon skirts and perfect propriety. Of course we attend one of the inevitable Rogers breakfast-parties,—this time the host is glum. We also meet "George Eliot, with her large head, and rather horse-like face." Mrs. Darwin hears, from her cook, that her worthy husband is an idle man,— "I see him in the garden yesterday sitting staring at a leaf over two hours!" Carlyle lifts his shaggy head from the pillow and thunders "Doctor? I'm for none of your doctors. Of all the sons of Adam, men of medicine are the most unprofitable"; and the terrified physician retreats, and Carlyle is so roused by the visit that "it put fresh spirit into him, and he began at once to get better." Ah, those were days! Small wonder that the novel, for instance, is not what it was: "when great, strong notes were struck, though it might be harshly and crudely, they vibrated



through the inmost fibres of our being, and we kissed the hand that smote us. They do not smite, and we do not kiss, now."

*Last rambles  
of an  
ornithologist.*

That well-known bird-lover and writer about birds, Bradford Torrey, who died rather suddenly and at much too early an age, last October, at Santa Barbara, had sent the material for his last book to the publishers a few weeks before his death. "Field-Days in California" (Houghton) collects in attractive and well-illustrated book form a number of sketches already published in periodicals, with some new ones. They tell us about the author's first condor and first water-ouzel, his "exciting forenoon" with a yellow-legged plover, the happy issue of an unsuccessful hunt, a walking tour in the Yosemite, the attractions of a California beach, a visit to the redwood grove near Santa Cruz, and other things well worth reading about in Mr. Torrey's genial, fresh-air-and-sunshine style. One of his chapters, of a bookish sort, for a change, enlarges on the pleasures of reading a checklist, and will appeal to the man of books. The author was not quite sixty-nine when his field-days were cut short—an age that now represents the prime of a man's life. To give his final volume something of a memorial character, the publishers have provided it with a good portrait of the author and illustrations of some of his California haunts that are treated in the book, and that, in two instances, show an open-air view of Mr. Torrey. His friends and admirers will prize the little volume.

#### BRIEFER MENTION.

"China's Revolution" (McBride), by Mr. Edwin J. Dingle, can scarcely be said to fulfill the expectations aroused by its subtitle,— "a historical and political record of the civil war." The best chapters in the book are those narrating events and describing scenes of the war at Hankow, from which city Mr. Dingle was reporting. These chapters are interesting and valuable. The rest of the book indicates insufficient breadth of knowledge and only moderate grasp of the problems of the present in China. The style is decidedly journalistic.

"Fundamentals of French Grammar" (Holt), by Mr. William B. Snow, is a practical text-book based upon the inductive method, which has many points of excellence, and which does not overburden the student with grammatical material. "What might reasonably be omitted" has been the author's chief concern. "Essentials of French" by Dr. Victor E. François is a "slowly progressive grammar" published by the American Book Co. "Molière en Récits" (Heath), is a title that explains itself. It is the joint work of Messrs. M. L. Chapuzet and W. M. Daniels, two English teachers. A few "scenes for acting" are appended. Molière's "Les Précieuses Ridicules" and "Les Femmes Savantes" (Holt) are edited for school use by Mrs. John E. Effinger.

A welcome addition to the series of "Little Books on Art" (McClurg) is Miss Muriel Ciolkowska's volume on Rodin. It gives one an interesting glimpse of the life and work of the greatest of living sculptors. Rodin's relations to his predecessors, his obscure and difficult

beginnings, his long struggle for recognition, his chief works and their occasions, his drawings and etchings and ceramic designs, are some of the topics taken up in this convenient little volume. The author gives a selection of the master's opinions on art, and supports her estimate of his place among artists by abundant and interesting quotations from contemporary criticism. A list of Rodin's exhibited works, a bibliography, and twenty-five illustrations complete a book which seems to be fairly accurate, despite the persistent neglect of Villon as the creator of that tragic figure of poetry embodied in "La Vieille Héaulmière."

For more than a decade the "Oxford Book of English Verse" has held its own as the most widely popular of all anthologies—with the possible exception of Palgrave's "Golden Treasury." The compiler, Sir Arthur Quiller-Couch, now offers a companion volume, the "Oxford Book of Victorian Verse," which covers the field from Landor to Mr. Lascelles Abercrombie—certainly an elastic interpretation of the Victorian boundaries. But elasticity of plan is a good principle for any anthologist, and probably most readers of this collection will be chiefly grateful for the generous space given to writers who have come to the front during the past quarter-century. Eighteen American poets are represented, usually with a poem or two apiece. This does not seem to us well-advised; our writers should have been dealt with more adequately or else omitted altogether. However, after the shabby treatment accorded Whitman in Professor Lounsbury's "Yale Book of American Verse" a great deal can be forgiven an English editor who devotes eleven pages to "the good gray poet." As must be inevitable with any anthology, the individual poetry-lover will grumble a little over what will seem to him errors of proportion or omission; but his abiding feeling will be one of gratitude for such a wealth of treasure in so compact and beautiful a form. The volume is gracefully dedicated "To my future friends and pupils at Cambridge,— this propitiatory wreath."

The delightful Oxford reprints continue to multiply. Chief among the newest batch of volumes is a collected edition of Robert Bridges's poetical works (exclusive of the dramas). It is something of an honor to be the only living poet thus far included in the Oxford series; but Mr. Bridges is deserving of such distinction, and we hope this volume may widely extend his reputation. Next in interest is "The Pageant of English Prose," made up of seven hundred pages of choice passages selected with rare good judgment by Mr. R. M. Leonard. A third volume gives us the entire contents of the recent two-volume definitive edition of Coleridge's complete poems, edited by Mr. Ernest Hartley Coleridge; a fourth contains Browning's "The Ring and the Book," with an introduction by Professor Dowden; while the poems of Adam Lindsay Gordon, the Australian writer, make up a fifth. The ordinary editions of these books are models of inexpensive bookmaking; but those who care for luxurious perfection may obtain, for a little more than the price of the average novel, the same books printed on India paper, with limp covers and photogravure portraits. By means of these Oxford India paper editions, authoritative texts of all that is of first importance in English literature may now be brought together almost on a single shelf of an ordinary bookcase, in a form that could not be excelled for beauty and dignity of workmanship, and at a price well within the means of any but the most impecunious of book-lovers.

## NOTES.

A study of "The American Spirit" by Hon. Oscar S. Straus is announced for publication in April by the Century Co.

Mr. Will Levington Comfort's new novel, "The Road of Living Men," will be published immediately by J. B. Lippincott Co.

Mr. E. V. Lucas will publish shortly, through the Macmillan Co., an "anecdotal guide" to "Pictures and their Painters."

Mr. Winston Churchill's long-awaited novel, "The Inside of the Cup," is announced for spring publication by the Macmillan Co.

A study of "The Evolution of Modern Germany" by a Frenchman, M. Henri Lichtenberger, will be issued immediately by Messrs. Holt.

Publication of Mr. Jeffery Farnol's new novel, "The Amateur Gentleman," has now been definitely settled for March 15 by Messrs. Little, Brown, & Co.

Admiral Mahan's forthcoming work on the naval tactics of the Revolutionary War, of which we spoke in a recent issue, has been postponed until autumn.

Sir Gilbert Parker's latest novel, "The Judgment House," which has been appearing serially in "Harper's Magazine," will be published in book form on March 19.

Collected editions, in a single volume each, of the plays of Mr. Galsworthy and August Strindberg are promised for immediate publication by Messrs. Scribner.

Mr. Woodrow Wilson's forceful address entitled "The Free Life" will soon be issued in a new and specially attractive form by its publishers, the Thomas Y. Crowell Co.

Mr. Thomas Robinson Dawley, Jr., author of "The Child That Toileth Not," has in preparation a volume of personal reminiscences entitled "Fragments from a Venturesome Career."

The volume of "New Comedies" by Lady Gregory, which Messrs. Putnam have in preparation, will contain five plays, at least two of which are being given by the Abbey Company in their present American visit.

Two new books by Mr. Maurice Hewlett are a feature of Messrs. Scribner's spring list. One, "The Lore of Proserpine," is a volume of allegorical studies; the other is a book of poems entitled "Helen Redeemed."

The Doves Press edition of Goethe's "Torquato Tasso" is promised for March publication by Mr. Cobden-Sanderson; and in June next the Press will add "Julius Caesar" to its edition of Shakespeare reprinted from the early folios.

Mr. Gordon Craig's latest volume, "Towards a New Theatre," will be issued in this country by Messrs. E. P. Dutton & Co. It consists of large-sized reproductions of Mr. Craig's unique scenic settings, with introduction and descriptive notes.

Two books of travel covering widely different scenes will be issued this month by Messrs. A. C. McClurg & Co. in Miss Betham-Edwards's "In French Africa: Scenes and Memories," and Mr. E. A. Bostwick's "The Different West: As Seen by a Transplanted Easterner."

A useful series of small volumes dealing with the great writers is announced by Messrs. F. G. Browne & Co. in "The Regent Library." Fourteen volumes, headed by one on Johnson by Mrs. Alice Meynell, will appear in March, and numerous others are in preparation.

Professor A. F. Pollard has been chosen to inaugurate the Goldwin Smith lectures at Cornell University. His subject is "The Place of Parliamentary Institutions in the Development of Civilisation." The lectures are to be delivered early this year, and they will be subsequently published in book form.

"The Russian Empire of To-day and Yesterday," by Mr. Nevin O. Winter, is announced for early issue in Messrs. L. C. Page & Co.'s well-known travel series. This firm has also in press "The Art of the Wallace Collection," by Mr. Henry C. Shelley, to appear in the "Art Galleries of Europe" series.

It is not often that the first three books issued by a new publishing house reach second or third editions within a few weeks after publication. This is the record achieved by Messrs. F. G. Browne & Co. with their three novels, "The Lapse of Enoch Wentworth," "Pilgrims of the Plains," and "The Stain."

The first issue of an important new religious journal, to be called "The Constructive Quarterly," will appear in March. Its comprehensive purpose and scope may perhaps best be indicated by its sub-title—"A Journal of the Faith and Work and Thought of Christendom." Mr. Silas McBee, for many years editor of "The Churchman," will edit the new journal, and George H. Doran Co. will be its American publishers.

A collection of essays by Professor George Santayana is announced under the title of "Winds of Doctrine: Studies in Contemporary Opinion." It deals with "The Intellectual Temper of the Age," "Modernism," "M. Bergson's Philosophy," "Pragmatism" (on which Professor Santayana agrees with the criticisms of Mr. Bertrand Russell), "Shelley, or The Poetic Value of Revolutionary Principles," and "The Genteel Traditions in American Philosophy."

Among the more noteworthy of Messrs. Scribner's spring announcements are Mr. Henry James's autobiographical account of "A Small Boy and Others"; a volume of studies by Mr. James Huneker entitled "The Pathos of Distance"; Mr. Price Collier's "Germany and the Germans"; a two-volume "Life of John Paul Jones" by Mrs. Reginald De Koven; "The Letters of General George G. Meade," in two volumes; "European Cities at Work," by Mr. Frederic C. Howe; and "Monarchical Socialism in Germany," by Mr. Elmer Roberts.

Dr. Samuel Willard, educator and author, and for many years a contributor to THE DIAL, died at his home in Chicago, on February 9. He was born in Vermont in 1821, and came to Illinois at the age of ten, graduating from the state college in 1843. Previous to the Civil War, Dr. Willard came into prominence in connection with the "underground railroad," establishing with his father a station for fugitive slaves. During the war he served in one of the Illinois regiments. For many years past he had been a teacher of history in the Chicago high schools.

Among other important works of serious interest announced by the Macmillan Co. are "A History of the American Negro" by Dr. Benjamin Griffith Brawley, "The Soul of America" by Dr. Stanton Coit, "American Syndicalism: The I. W. W." by Mr. John Graham Brooks, "Ancient Ideals" by Mr. Henry Osborn Taylor, "The Problem of Christianity" by Professor Josiah Royce, "The Unconscious: The Fundamentals of Human Personality" by Dr. Morton Prince, and "Social Idealism and the Changing Theology" by Dr. Gerald Birney Smith.

## LIST OF NEW BOOKS.

[The following list, containing 97 titles, includes books received by THE DIAL since its last issue.]

## BIOGRAPHY AND REMINISCENCES.

- The Life and Letters of William Cobbett in England and America.** Based upon hitherto Unpublished Family Papers. By Lewis Melville. In 2 volumes; illustrated, 8vo. John Lane Co. \$10. net.
- Daniel Gookin, 1612-1687, Assistant and Major General of the Massachusetts Bay Colony: His Life and Letters and Some Account of His Ancestry.** By Frederick William Gookin. Illustrated in photogravure, large 8vo, 207 pages. Chicago: Privately printed. \$7.25 net.
- The Romance of the Rothschilds.** By Ignatius Balla. With portraits, 8vo, 298 pages. G. P. Putnam's Sons. \$3. net.
- Heroines of Modern Progress.** By Elmer C. Adams and Warren Dunham Foster. With portraits, 8vo, 324 pages. Sturgis & Walton Co. \$1.50 net.
- Dr. William Leroy Brown.** Compiled by Thomas L. Brown, assisted by Bessie Lee Brown and Sally F. Ordway. Illustrated, 12mo, 247 pages. Neale Publishing Co. \$2. net.
- The Romance of the Men of Devon.** By Francis Gribble. Illustrated in photogravure, etc., 12mo, 282 pages. Little, Brown & Co. \$1.75 net.
- Mrs. Fiske.** By Frank Carlos Griffith. With portrait, 12mo, 146 pages. Neale Publishing Co. \$1. net.
- Friedrich Gents: An Opponent of the French Revolution and Napoleon.** By Paul F. Reiff, Ph.D. 8vo, 159 pages. Urbana: University of Illinois. 80 cts.

## HISTORY.

- Lectures on the American Civil War.** Delivered before the University of Oxford in Easter and Trinity Terms, 1912, by James Ford Rhodes, LL.D. 12mo, 206 pages. Macmillan Co. \$1.50 net.
- Fighting by Southern Federals.** By Charles C. Anderson. With frontispiece, 8vo, 408 pages. Neale Publishing Co. \$2. net.
- France.** By Cecil Headlam, M.A. Illustrated, 8vo, 408 pages. "Making of the Nations." Macmillan Co. \$2. net.
- The Balkan War: Adventures of War with Cross and Crescent.** By Philip Gibbs and Bernard Grant. Illustrated, 12mo, 241 pages. Small, Maynard & Co. \$1.20 net.
- The Attack and Defense of Little Round Top, Gettysburg, July 3, 1863.** By Oliver Willcox Norton. With portrait, 8vo, 350 pages. Neale Publishing Co. \$2. net.
- Antietam and the Maryland and Virginia Campaigns.** By Isaac W. Heysinger, M.D. 12mo, 322 pages. Neale Publishing Co. \$1.50 net.
- Curious Bits of History.** By A. W. Macy. 12mo, 225 pages. Cosmopolitan Press. \$1. net.

## GENERAL LITERATURE.

- Dante and the Mystics: A Study of the Mystical Aspect of the Divina Commedia and Its Relations with Some of Its Mediaeval Sources.** By Edmund G. Gardner, M.A. Illustrated in photogravure, large 8vo, 357 pages. E. P. Dutton & Co. \$3.50 net.
- Irish Plays and Playwrights.** By Cornelius Weygandt. Illustrated, 12mo, 314 pages. Houghton Mifflin Co. \$2. net.
- The Influence of Baudelaire in France and England.** By G. Turquet-Milnes. 8vo, 300 pages. E. P. Dutton & Co. \$2.50 net.
- Famous Speeches.** Selected and edited, with introductory notes, by Herbert Paul. Second series; 8vo, 382 pages. Little, Brown & Co. \$3. net.
- English Epic and Heroic Poetry.** By W. MacNelle Dixon, M.A. 8vo, 339 pages. E. P. Dutton & Co. \$1.50 net.
- The Collected Works of Ambrose Bierce.** Edited and Arranged by the Author. Volume XII, large 8vo, 411 pages. Neale Publishing Co.

- Along the Road.** By Arthur Christopher Benson. 12mo, 462 pages. G. P. Putnam's Sons. \$1.50 net.
- Shakespeare's London: A Commentary on Shakespeare's Life and Work in London.** By Thomas Fairman Ordish, F.S.A. New edition; illustrated in photogravure, etc., 12mo, 331 pages. E. P. Dutton & Co. \$1.25 net.
- Cross Views.** By Wilfrid Scarborough Jackson. 12mo, 312 pages. John Lane Co. \$1.25 net.
- The Pageant of English Prose: Being Five Hundred Passages by Three Hundred and Twenty-five Authors.** Edited by R. M. Leonard. 12mo, 743 pages. "Oxford Standard Authors." Oxford University Press. 50 cts. net.

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